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HARD KNOCKS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

As he leaned against the hitching post of the principal roadside inn,
With his grey hair cut to his skull almost, on which could be plainly seen
Some of the white innumerable scars that covered his herculean frame,
Gotten in many a bar-room fight, and from which he notorious became—
Old "Yankee" Count, as he was called, related the following fight he had
With another buffer named Bill Rash, who was a bruiser tough, strong and bad.

"Wal, up to about ten year ago, I counted myself to be jest about
Ther best chunk ov a man in Ohio—not countin' or leavin' any man out.
An' my right bower then was Bill Rash, who had stuck to my side good enough
Till an election come and made us smash partnership, which to say the least was rough.
He worked agin my candidate, and, sir, by jingo, he run me down;
I beat him at the polls at any rate, by a majority before unknown.

"Anyhow, it wound up in a fight; my gang an' his'n together;
An' then we had it rough an' tight, a bitin' an' scrougin' each other.
The first wun I put fur was Bill, an' I give him a hist in the ear;
But he busted me hard on my gill—so hard, that I felt kind o' queer.
But I went for him agin well an' good, an' I smashed him squar' on ther face,
Which won fur me the first blood—but he knocked me clean from my place.

"Wal, stranger, we struck an' we clinched, an' we bit, an' we scratched, an' we tore,
We kicked, cussed, butted an' pinched, an' we did a d——d sight more!
Putty soon we pulled out our knives, an' sich slashin' you never did see!
We were fightin' then for our dear lives, which Bill knowed as well as did me.
A-rollin' an' tumblin' on the ground, neither one getting the upper hand;
The red blood flowin' from more'n one wound, an' makin' red mud ov ther dusty sand!

"Wal, next we pulled our pistols out, an' I got a shot from Bill in ther arm;
When ther lads begin to holler an' shout, an' swore that their weapons would do some harm.
Harm or no harm, I wasn't going to break, 'till I had licked the son-uv a gun:
An' so we kept it up, give and take, and neither Bill nor me would run.
To make the story short—my last shot told, for it struck him somewhere on the head—
Anyhow it made him lose his hold, an' fall to the ground, near dead.

"That fight nigh cost me the loss of my life, an' Bill had a tug for his breath;
By hokey! I b'lieve that but fur his wife, he'd a-gone up the spout long o' death.
We're alright now, though—lest come to ther bar, an' I'll make you acquainted with Bill—
He an' me runs that hotel over thar, an' have got slashings of stamps in ther till.
Well, here's a go! Ahem!—but I say, I'll advise you before I'm done:
Git out ov a fight if thar's a way, an' mind ye leave politics alone."

L. T.

CONGO, THE CONJURER.

A STORY OF SHOW LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MYSTERY.

As soon as they had stowed away their theatre in a safe place and taken such rest as they required, the two strolled out to see the town. Neither had ever visited it before and it contained many objects of interest. Noticing a crowd collected opposite the prison, they walked that way and asked one of the gossips what was the matter.

"Only two men charged with setting fire to a public house had been brought in; a noted tramp and a cripple."

Monk and our hero asked no more. Fatality had brought them once more in proximity to two of their bitterest foes. They, however, walked away in silence, speculating on how their contest with their associated enemies would end. Scarcely taking any note of where they went, they suddenly had to step out of the way as a post-chaise drove up to the door of one of the principal inns. The door hurriedly opened, and there stepped forth Mr. Charles Everton, pale, haggard and anxious.

The two retreated a step or two, and then watched him in.

"What can he be doing here?" said our hero, in a low, thoughtful tone.

"I have my suspicions," replied Monk. "The two men in the county jail have him in their power, and they have summoned him."

"But what can he do for them?"

"He is rich and unscrupulous. He will make a desperate attempt to get them off; if not, to help them to escape. The county jail has not been very freely used to remember the escape of Joseph Thompson, lying under sentence of death, and more, that he was never discovered."

"Perhaps we had better let matters take their course," said Arthur.

"No. You and I will never be safe while these men are free. They are desperate criminals like these life is not sacred. Better let them have penal servitude than live in constant dread of what might happen."

Arthur had nothing to urge against this, and now a brief conference was held between them as to the best means of counteracting whatever might be the action of Mr. Everton. The first thing was to watch him. This task was speedily arranged, two taking it by turns, one remaining near the hotel, and the other taking refreshment and repose. On the present occasion, however, they had not long to wait, as even while they were speaking the gentleman came forth. He was transformed so that a superficial observer would not have known him, for he wore the garb of a clergyman, and made a singular attempt to look pious and benevolent. But there was tartuffe even in his walk and gesture. His route was, as they thoroughly expected, in the direction of the prison. They followed him at a respectful distance, never for one instant losing sight of him. His pace was slow and evidently he was wrapped in deep thought. After an interval of about ten minutes, he halted at the prison gate, and the wicket opened, a parley ensued, and then once more the doors closed behind him. There was nothing for them to do but to wait. As he was sure not to come out for some little time, they resolved to spend the interval in examining the prison. It was a low, stone structure, of antiquated appearance, a miniature Newgate of some hundred years ago, with all the usual bolts and bars. It was partially detached, but behind the great yard, and connected with the prison itself by a high wall, were some gloomy old houses. As far as could be seen, these houses had no windows overlooking the prison. They were, moreover, empty. It at once struck the logical mind of the showman that it would be through the medium of these houses that the escape which they had mapped out in their minds was in contemplation would be made. After a cautious examination of the whole *locale*, Monk came to a bold, daring, and startling resolution. They were about to make a desperate attempt at escape.

After a patient and elaborate examination of the three old rickety houses which formed the background to the prison, Monk slowly made his way towards the front once more, and took up his post near an old sentry-box which was probably tenanted during the assizes. Here they watched for about half an hour, when the gate swung back on its hinges, and the false clergyman came out, ushered to the very door by the governor himself.

"I hope your visit, reverend sir, has been productive of good," he said; "though, of course, I can but doubt it."

"There has been no time lost," replied the other, with a covert sneer, and, bowing, he went his way, leaving the worthy half-pay officer slightly puzzled with his visitor.

The two watchers remained still a moment, and then slowly tracked their enemy to his inn, where leaving him safely esconced, they returned to their own humble quarters. Monk was resolved to prevent the escape of the incendiary murderers. His plan was already laid. Before starting on their adventurous journey, and aware of the dangers they might encounter, he had provided himself with a brace of pistols, which a fife-and-drum man of Arthur had only been, boy-like, too ambitious to do the same. Finding that their house of call was open all night for the sake of travelers and tramps, he learned the secret tap by which they could enter at any hour. About twelve, after a hearty supper, and being well fortified with a small pocket-pistol, in addition to more dangerous weapons, the two sallied out. The town was an old fashioned agricultural centre, with a very small quota of police, only a few of whom did duty out of the watch-tower. Early closing and other reasons made night-brawling very rare, and robberies were but of occasional occurrence, while graver crimes were hardly known. These circumstances Monk had contrived to make himself aware of during the evening, without exciting any undue amount of suspicion. The streets were wholly deserted. Except the one house which had had just left, every public and private residence appeared closed. Monk at once made his way round to the ruined houses. During his examination of the previous evening he had discovered the weak points of these habitations. A window had been replaced by a number of loosely jointed planks. These he hastily removed, so as to admit of their crawling in, which both having done, the orifice was closed, and they found themselves in total darkness. But the showman was well provided against this contingency. A small dark-lantern, which had done him good service when on the tramp, had been provided and was put into use. A dismal, dark, gloomy place, they found themselves in. Dirt and cobwebs had accumulated for years, and from the dust on the floor, it was clear the place had been abandoned for many a long day to such rats and mice as could find no better quarters. And yet they were good old houses, falling into ruin more from sheer neglect than any defect in their construction. But there was a story connected with them which repelled every proposed tenant. They were haunted. Once give a house a bad name, and it will stand alone, its a deserted and blasted oak, for years, until some strong-minded individual takes the matter in hand, and dissipates the gloomy cloud of ignorance and superstition that overhangs it. Walking across the room, they reached the foot of an old staircase, also encrusted with dust and dirt. It creaked heavily under their footsteps; but as there was no one to listen, they reached the upper story without let or hindrance. The rooms were large, and contained the remains of some old furniture, including a large four-post bedstead, with heavy hangings, in which it was said the ancient miner, who had been murdered in order to get at his treasure, had lain on the night of the tragedy which had ended his existence. In this room there was a window, which, however, was boarded up like the one by means of which they had effected an entrance. Monk at once went to work, and found that this rude shutter was more strongly constructed than the other. It, however, finally yielded, and opened bodily. As Monk was before aware, it overlooked the prison-yard, which lay in deep darkness some fourteen feet below.

"See!" said the showman, after a keen examination of the whole premises.

And he pointed to a small faint glimmer of light which just peeped out from the window of a cell in the bottom of the prison.

"They are at work," he continued, after putting his head out and listening keenly.

Arthur bent all his faculties to the task and finally heard the rasping of a file.

"Poor wretches!" he said, "I almost pity them!"

Monk drew him back into the darkness of the room, and closed his lantern. He pulled the rude shutter further back.

"My dear boy," he began, "we, in our dealings with Charles Everton, are dealing with a cunning and dangerous man. For many years he has compelled me to lead the life I do, by means of a false, foul charge. Though I committed no crime—though what crime was committed was his own doings—I am placed in a very difficult position. I have lain under the charge for nearly twenty years—a charge of murder. To disprove it I must submit to a trial. There was no murder at all, though Charles Everton and his father thought so for many years. But now they might choose to dispute the identity of a person. It is not easy, either, to prove that a person is or is not a certain individual after so long a lapse. If I were to fail to substantiate my case, my position would become dangerous in the extreme. I prefer to await the course of events. In your case, Charles Everton covets your title and estates for his own son. He is unscrupulous to the last degree. Already, however, he has made too many confidants; and if we can only keep him separated from these two, we practically spoil his game. He will not easily find two such utterly desperate villains as the Patterer and Pharaoh. They must then be left to their fate."

Still Arthur protested against the position they had taken up, and was urging his companion very earnestly, *when a faint sound was heard from below.*

Monk lost not a moment. Clutching his companion's arm he crept under the great four-post bedstead. It was so large that it admirably served the purpose of concealment, but they were nearly choked by the cloud of dust which arose. Both, however, did their utmost to keep down any dangerous manifestation.

They were fortunate. At that moment two men entered the room, one bearing a light. One was Charles Everton, and the other an old Gipsy of very bad reputation, who had always been one of the aiders and abettors of Pharaoh. Both approached the bed, and, after placing their open lantern on it, went to the window. As may readily be expected, it opened much more easily then the two men expected.

"They are at work," said Charles Everton, in a sullen and constrained tone. "They little think that my life is in peril."

"House-breaker," responded the other, "your life would have been as that of a flying insect had you not have behaved thus. To a Gipsy there is one punishment: to be deprived of his liberty, to be shut up from the free light of heaven, to be cooped up between stone walls. Better kill him at once and cast his body into a pit, with any other carrion."

Charles Everton condescended no reply; but kept on looking out of the window. Suddenly a ray of light illuminated the yard. The bars were sawn through; the matting, which had hitherto concealed the light, was removed, and the men could be seen. First, as the Gipsy whispered, the Patterer came through, and easily dropped to the ground, where he almost ran into the arms of his crippled companion. No words were spoken. The position was a critical one. The slightest alarm would have aroused the warders and keepers. But none took place and the two men stood, to a certain extent, free, in the yard of the prison. A low sound from above intimated that they were seen. Then a rope ladder was lowered, and, after a very brief interval, the two fugitives from justice were in the haunted room of the miser's house. They were white as ghosts with fear and excitement, while they were compelled to seat themselves upon the floor from utter exhaustion. They had been five hours at work. As they seated themselves, they were within two yards of our friends, who sat in utter bewilderment. The tables were turned upon them. What were they to do? Were they good friends, or foes? Brandy, and then a conference was held. Both the Patterer and Pharaoh were very sure and determinedof speech. They had acted as the cat's-paws of others, and been punished, while others had escaped.

"If such is your notion," said Charles Everton, with an oath that startled his step-son, "we had better part here. I have risked name, and all that life holds dear to me, to save you, and all I hear is ungrateful grumbling."

"If we'd a-been tried, master," sneered the Patterer, "I think you'd a-come out of it second best."

"Do you threaten, dog?" cried Everton.

"No; but I mean to say as how we must lie close for no end of time, and to do that we must have money."

"Always money! Anyway, here is a purse containing five pounds. It is all I have about me. If you want more, you must let me know where to send."

"Master," said the old Gipsy who had accompanied him, "what's five pounds among three? Everything must be divided fair and square."

"Am I caught in a trap?" cried Charles Everton in a loud voice. "By heaven! if you try any nonsense with me, I will make such an uproar as shall rouse those who will soon put you all three in limbo!"

"Master," said the old Gipsy, ominously clutching his quarter-staff, for such it was, "we are three to one, and threats are foolish."

"By heavens! this is too much!" exclaimed Charles Everton, levelling a pistol at the speaker. "I cannot be bullied with impunity, as you shall see."

At this moment there was an interruption of a most startling and extraordinary kind. Somebody sneezed! The four ruffians looked around with awe. The sound appeared to come from some remote corner of the room.

"There are listeners!" roared Charles Everton furiously. "Do not let them escape on your lives!"

One few to the door, while the others looked around, the cripple remaining seated on the floor of the room.

"I see them!" he shouted, in a voice of great glee. "Come out!"

And they did, on the opposite side of the bed, each levelling a pistol, and standing erect. Charles Everton gaped as if them with open, unmeaning mouth. He had not as yet recognized them, so great was his terror.

"What are you doing here?" he gasped.

"We are here to prevent the escape of two jail-birds," said the stern voice of Monk. "At the first attempt to escape, we fire!"

"The showman!" exclaimed the Patterer. "So you have thrust your finger in the fire again?"

"Yes; and we mean to take you, dead or alive," responded Monk—"you and your vagabond Gipsy friend."

Something whizzed through the air as he spoke, striking him the next instant a violent blow on the forehead. He fell like an ox. In an instant more Arthur was a prisoner beside his unfortunate companion. All passed so quickly that it gave him no time for thought or action, and before he could speak, he was so severely gagged that speech was out of the question. All quarrels were now at an end. The event was an unexpected and most fortunate one. Not only had they those whom they feared in their power, but in some way or other they might contrive to mix them up with the escape of the fugitives. A brief conference ensued. Mr. Charles Everton now contrived to recollect a pocket-book containing some bank-notes, which he divided among the party with great alacrity. His delight knew no bounds. Those whom he had hated with intensity scarcely to be described, and whom he feared almost as much as he hated, were in his power, in his power from their own folly. In his power in a way which would give opening for suspicion as to evil play. Who would think that these two shabby-looking tramps were persons of respectability and note? A conclusion was soon come to. The tall Gipsy, whose name was Namish, went down stairs, and declared shortly after that the coast was clear. He then left the house, returning shortly after with a small covered Gipsy wagon. Into this the two prisoners were thrust with scant ceremony. The escaped fugitives seated themselves alongside, and then, after a brief conversation between Charles Everton and Namish, the cart was driven off. Overwhelmed with fatigue and over-tension of the brain, Arthur went off into a sound sleep, nor awoke until he found himself in the dark, gloomy hole, damp-smelling and murky. Was he alone?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CAVE UNDER THE MILL.

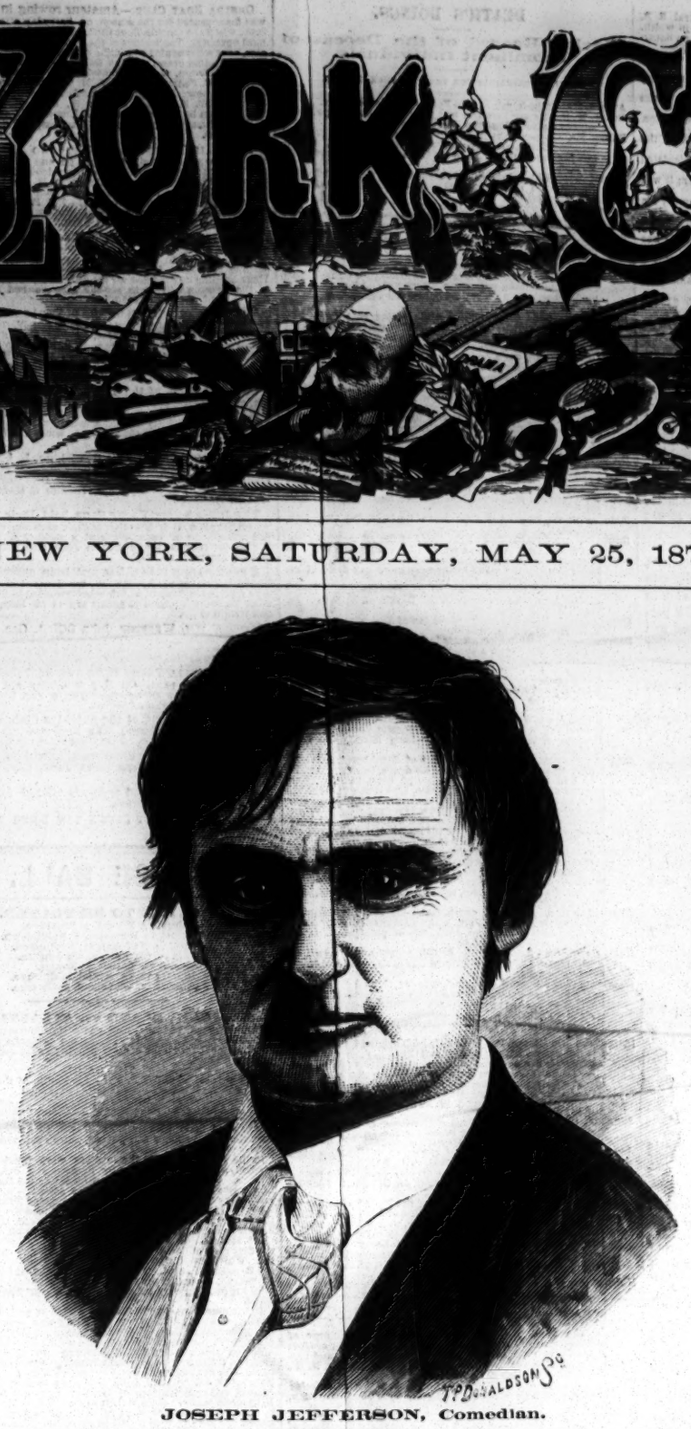
Arthur was so bewildered for a time that he could not collect his thoughts, and sat dwelling on the past in a state of utter collapse. At length the truth came to him with a rush. Where was the showman? A heavy breathing at no great distance seemed to enlighten him.

"Is that you, Monk?" he said, groping about the damp and slimy soil.

No response came; but he soon found the body of his friend alive and warm, although evidently overcome by some sinister influence. He was, however, alive. Hours passed, during which no sound could be heard save the stentorian breathing of the injured man. Presently the breathing became slower and more regular, and with a deep sigh the silent companion of our hero appeared to awake to consciousness.

"Alone, in the dark and murky gloom!" he muttered. "What has happened?"

"Not alone," said Arthur grimly. "We are, as usual, companions in misfortune."



JOSEPH JEFFERSON, Comedian.

"Thank heaven that you are alive, my boy! Tell me all that has happened."

Arthur did so.

"Again in the power of that fiendish wretch! Well, this time, I fear me, we have made a mess of it. He has us now, and we have his secret. He is not likely, therefore, to let us off easily. In what kind of a place are we?"

"A damp cellar, much frequented, I believe, by rats," said Arthur, quietly.

"I must not lie drooping here," urged the other, making an attempt to rise. "By heavens! they have left us our brandy-flask!"

And a gurgling sound showed how much he appreciated this source of strength.

"Help yourself, my boy," he said, pressing the bottle on our hero; "and then let us examine our prison. Except that it is cold, dark, and damp, I cannot make much out of it."

He contrived, as he spoke, to totter to his feet, and grope about until he reached the wall. It was running with water.

"We are near, if not underneath, a river," said Monk.

"Ah! yonder is a light."

And he followed the wall until he came to a narrow aperture, leading into a second cellar, which received some rays of light from chinks above.

A dim, shadowy object was also distinguishable.

"We are, indeed, in a four den. The old cold-stream mill has been abandoned these thirty years by all except Gipsies, tramps and worse. It is far removed from modern tracks. The village, the stone-quarry, and the inn which made it once a central spot, have all disappeared, leaving nothing but desolation behind. Either we are here for some foul and evil design, or they have left us here to die. Let us return to the other cellar. It is less damp and,nauseous."

They did so, just as a trap was raised in the roof above, admitting a faint light.

"Below there!" said the cold, sneering, sarcastic voice of the Patterer.

"What seek you?" replied Arthur, in answer to a whispered direction from Monk.

"Is it the boy who speaks?"

"Yes."

"Has the showman slipped his wind?" asked the Patterer, with a brutal laugh.

"He is bad; very bad."

"Then he needs no allowance of victuals for you," cried the cockney tramp, lowering a basket with a small supply of candle. "Take your meal and consider yourself lucky!"

"But how long are we to remain here?" asked Arthur.

"Can't say; waiting for orders," said the Patterer, and slammed the trap door.

The showman at once snatched up the flickering light, and began a examination of the place in which they were confined. The outer cellar was, they at once became aware, close to the river, and had a heavy wooden flooring in connection with the mill. This, too, had had a communication with above, but, in the course of time, it had been cut off. But there were some small apertures through which fell both air and light; also they soon discovered the cause of the noise they had heard on their first coming. It was the rushing of water, pouring down their pipes, while the Patterer advanced to the door. A man, with a high collared riding coat and slouched hat, quite like that of an Italian brigand, entered, and, advancing to the table, cast himself back in an old arm chair, which had once been the miller's. He threw his hat on one side and revealed the pale and ghastly features of Charles Everton. His eyes were sunken in his head, his face haggard and livid, while his whole mien was that of a man upon whom some awful dread was hanging.

"Well," he said, after stretching out his hand, and helping himself liberally to raw brandy, "what have you to say? Is the deed done?"

The men exchanged rapid glances.

"Well, you see, master," said the Patterer, who, by election, had been selected to speak, "there's a small matter of two hundred pounds a-hanging on to this here matter. Hanging! Well, it's an unlucky word, I know, but still, I means we wants our money."

"Do you dare to insinuate that you cannot trust me?" cried Charles Everton, in a tone of bitter humiliation.

"Well, not exackly," continued the Patterer; "but since that affair of the fire, me and my mate thinks as Californy will be better for our healths a-running. So we says, birds in the hand are worth a score in the bush."

"Man, you will drive me mad!" hissed Charles Everton, his teeth chattering as he spoke. "You promised the deed should be done, and I rid of those who blight my existence, before I set foot within this horrible den. Would that I could trust you, I would go. But no; my eyes must see, my hate glut itself with the sight of them! See," he said, putting a canvas bag upon the table, and producing a revolver with the other hand:—"*There is your money. Prove to me that my fears for the future are baseless, and the money is yours;* betray me, and though I die on the spot myself, you shall be no gainers."

"We only want what's right," said the Patterer, sullenly, "and we're not deceiving of yer. If they ain't dead, they're near on to it and no mistake. The salubrity of them cellars is curious."

And the savage and cold blooded ruffian rose, after winking to the giant looking Gipsy to follow.

Both had huge, ugly looking pistols; but they relied rather on their heavy leaded cudgels, which they clutched with brutal ferocity.

"Pharaoh," said the low London tramp, the child of dirt and ignorance and darkness, "there's some supper in a basket yonder; it'ull take 'em off their guard."

And the scoundrel took the basket, lighted a candle, which displayed the contents to be bread, meat, brandy and a jug of water, and then advanced towards the trap, ready to betray them by a present of food. The trap was raised.

"Down below!" he said.

Of course, there was no reply.

"Sulky. P'raps the rats has done it," he continued, still lowering the basket; after which he lifted a second side trap, and a ladder down stairs was let to the cellar.

Clutching his stick and muttering imprecations, he descended, closely followed by the Gipsy giant, both clutching their murderous sticks. Charles Everton stood with a ghastly face, staring eyes and trembling limbs, glaring at the trap, whence he appeared to expect that something fearful and ghastly would arise. The money bag and pistol still lay on the table. The showman and Arthur had not exchanged a word. Both were transfixed, far more with horror than with fear. But not an instant was to be lost.

"Leave the pistol to me; take the money," whispered Monk, and silently threw open the door.

"Murderers! thieves! assassins!" roared Monk, in a terrible voice, as he snatched up the pistol, and Arthur secured the reward for their untimely death.

Mr. Everton turned just in time to be knocked down by the butt end of the pistol, poetical justice being inflicted upon the cripple by his receiving a tremendous blow from the money bag. A fierce and savage yell from below followed, and the fugitives, awaiting no explanation, dashed outside, where a tall, powerful horse stood fastened by his reins to a ring. Next instant Monk was in the saddle and had hoisted his young companion before him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DOUBLE RIDE.

The horse, probably amused to such a burden, reared at first, but, finding himself in the hands of a master, soon yielded to the severe pressure bestowed upon him. Away he dashed down a narrow path, which, at all events, took them out of sight of the mill before the baffled and infuriated ruffians could give chase. Their fierce and horrible execrations, however, could be made out ringing in the distance. Could they but have made out the brutal oaths of the fugitives, their lives would indeed have hung upon a thread. As soon as Monk was convinced that a reasonable distance had been placed between them, he allowed the burdened horse to have his own way. The more particularly that they had reached a cross-road in the woods. The horse began to move steadily along, until suddenly it gave a snort, and Monk at once slipped off his back, and clutching Arthur, whispered:—

"Follow me, for your life! If taken, the consequences may be terrible." And he dragged his companion into a thicket, where he lay still a moment to catch breath, and then listened. Four men, well-armed keepers they could at once make out, burst into the clearing, and stood around the horse.

"Well, this is a go!" cried one, who was quite out of breath with running. "I seed two on 'em on the hoss. Hit me silly! but it's one of Joe Finder's dodges. He's stolen the hoss to carry off a sack of rabbits. We'll find him. As for them, my hearties!" he added, as one of his companions came up with two great savage dogs.

"Heaven help us!" said the showman, the big drops of perspiration standing on his brow. "Unless something turns up, we're lost. Come!"

And he dashed away down a narrow gully just as the dogs began to utter a low and dismal howl, which, in some cases, ended in a called baying the moon.

Arthur, brave young heart as he was, knew their danger. Their garb, their midnight flitting, the many suspicious circumstances connected with them, would, especially after the recent charge of incendiarism against himself, render their position particularly awkward. On came the howling fiends. The gully widened, widened still more, and then, to all appearance, ended in a dark and dismal pool, overhung by trees. Some were large weeping willows, one of which was of unusual size, with the boughs growing low on the trunk, and bending to the water. Without a word, the showman, whose early education had been of that athletic character which some recent writers affect to despise, grappled at a branch and hoisted himself up. Arthur was about to follow his example, when one of the dogs was upon him. A fearful and awful position. But the conjurer, seated astride of the stout branch, and leaning his breast against one above him, let down his left hand so as to clutch our hero's jacket, raised him, and while thus holding him suspended, took steady aim with his pistol at the half-bred bloodhound, and firing, it fell dead, with its brains blown out. The second animal coming up at this juncture, placed its paw on the writhing body of its companion, and began howling piteously. An encouraging shout close at hand followed, and Monk very unwillingly shot the other dog. He then leaped from branch to branch, followed by young Lea, as he was called, and landed on the other side, as the infuriated keepers came up to find the poor animals writhing in the agony of death.

"Stop, you rumians!" roared the head keeper, who not only loved the dogs, but dreaded the anger of his master. "I know you, Joe Flinders!"

A fierce laugh of defiance was the answer, which next minute was repeated from so many quarters, that the keepers were as angry as they were confounded. But, nevertheless, they fired, and the pattering of shot was heard amidst the boughs and branches, making the leaves fall, yellow and sere, as they are said to do around fortified towns. Monk and Lea were, however, closely concealed, and once having allowed the winged hail to pass over their heads, made their way quickly up the dell and through a wild, ragged and deserted part of the forest. Silence once more fell upon the scene—unless, indeed, the occasional hurrying and skurrying to and fro of rabbits might be designated as a noise. Monk, whose eyes were sharp and keen, as those of a conjurer must necessarily be, could make nothing of those upon the trail, and having a very strong suspicion where they were, pushed on, despite their exhaustion and fatigue, at a remarkable pace.

"One would think you knew the way," urged our hero, after a time.

"I should, I think. Have you the money safe?" said Monk, in moody tone.

"Quite; and yet I care not to hold it."

"Boy, that money is yours—stolen from your hands to promote your murder. Let us use it to thwart the designs of Charles Everton."

"I will, so help me heaven!" cried Arthur.

All this time Monk was looking about him, and surveying the wood, which grew denser and denser, with more keen and settled attention.

"By heavens, I knew it! Unless my senses much deceive me, we are near. See yonder light. If my hopes betray me not, we are safe. But not a moment is to be lost."

And he entered a deep thicket, to find himself close to an old, half-ruined hut, with one window visible, from which streamed the light that had guided them. Monk peered in. At a table, reading from a large book, which had all the appearance of a Bible, was an aged man, whose gaunt face was rendered even more noticeable from the large spectacles that rested on the hooked bridge of his nose. He was dressed in a suit of velveteen; a gun rested close to his hand, while a large deer-hound slept on the hearth by his side.

"'Tis he—older and thinner, but the man. Follow behind me," whispered Monk. "Providence surely has guided us. These are your woods."

Before Arthur could ask any question the other had knocked at the door loudly, and then pushing it open, stood upon the threshold. The man looked up; the hound set up a mournful wail that sufficiently indicated its age.

"Down, Fido—down! 'Tis an old dog, like its master," said the Warrener. "What seek you in this private part of the woods of Wevenhoe?"

"If you are Michael Holt, the Warrener," replied the other, in a deep, commanding voice, "you should know."

The old man stood erect in an instant, and, laying down the spectacles, came tottering forward and laid his two hands on the other's shoulders.

"That voice! But no—this is not the face!"

"Silence, Michael Holt!" said Monk, sternly. "Hearken!" and he whispered a sentence in his ear.

"Now save us or let us fall into the hands of the villain you know of!"

The old man shook as with the palsy.

"That I should have lived to see the day," muttered the Warrener. "But no words—words. The old man and his dog are still good for something, even to being too much for Master Couch, the head keeper."

The old dog had risen, and, with downcast head, had approached Monk. He sniffed about him in the usual suspicious way of an aged animal and, apparently satisfied, withdrew. Monk, meanwhile, had passed through an open doorway leading into a second room, containing the old Warrener's bed. Beside this was a ladder fastened against the wall, up which he led the way. Arthur, too astounded and bewildered to speak, followed, and next moment they were in a low roofed loft under the thatch of the hut. It was a kind of store room for old broken fishing rods, antique guns, saddles, gaiters—anything and everything, with one side almost open to the winds of heaven. Near this side Monk took his place, pointing to a shed not four feet below, upon which, if they were discovered, they might again drop and make a dash for some other hiding place. As he pointed out one of the secrets of the old Warrener's hut the keepers could be heard approaching, uttering language which, in a police station, would have cost them more fines than they would have liked to pay.

"Told you 'twas Joe Flinders, drat him!" cried the chief keeper. "No one else ha'd a ventured oop to Holt's. Thar ain't no love lost atween 'em, though."

And, speaking thus, they halted before the house.

"At t'old work—reading the Bible. Curious of an old sinner like that. House, I say—house!" cried the keeper.

"Away! is this an hour to disturb an honest man?" cried the Warrener, angrily, as he threw open the door.

"Hast seen Joe Flinders? He's shot my best dogs, and comed this way," cried the keeper.

"No," said the old Warrener, clutching his gun. "Better let me catch the villain, that's all! But come in. It ain't often you darken my doors, Master Couch, and it's long since you've tasted my old rum!"

The keepers laughed as the Warrener was a privileged man. From circumstances not to be told here he lived rent free, with certain allowances, and the right to shoot anything he required for his own necessities. And here he had lived ten years in complete solitude, rarely communing with his fellow-men, but not misanthropic or disagreeable. The keepers were only too glad to accept his offer; and, leaving their guns outside, entered readily and helped themselves to very stiff glasses of old Jamaica. Couch now related all that had happened, anathematising Flinders right and left as a robber, a thief, and a vile skunk, who never had courage enough to face a man. The Warrener coldly sided with him, but doubted the poacher coming up his way. After such talk, which lasted some time—time enough to consume a whole bottle of rum—the keepers, thanking the old Warrener for his hospitality, retired, determined to attempt no further wood-ranging that night, which, indeed, the strong old spirit rendered a matter of unusual difficulty. Monk and his young friend, however, remained perfectly still, until the Warrener summoned them down from the loft, and, closing the shutters of his hut, as well as fastening the door, laid before them a copious repast. Refusing to hear a word of explanation, he then hurried them to seek that repose of which they stood in such great and immediate need. It was far into the next day ere they awoke, to find themselves locked in, and the Warrener absent. Arthur looked uneasy, and even put his suspicion in words.

"Boy, had you but one friend in the world, and that were the Warrener, you would, indeed, be fortunate. He is in truth Old Honesty. To you and yours he owes a death-like fidelity which nothing can counteract. He comes!" Both stood back as the door opened, and the Warrener, in truth, came in. He carried a parcel, and was, as usual, followed by his old dog. The parcel was placed on the table, and being opened, proved to be a hearty batch of luxuries for their breakfast, which the old man had walked some distance to a neighboring town to obtain. He had also heard news.

Mr. Charles Everton, who had hired a horse from the "Bell," to make a cross-country journey, had been knocked off his horse and left for dead, the robbers carrying off a pistol and a bag of money. All the country was in search of them. According to his description, they appeared to be a showman and his boy, lately going about with a Punch and Judy, which they had left behind them at an ale house, under suspicious circumstances, after helping in a most audacious prison breaking on the part of two incendiaries. When the Warrener had finished Monk exclaimed:—

"Oh friend," he said, "your news is worth its weight in gold; but it is not all true. Behold, however, the pistol and the money!"

The old man turned pale.

"Make the breakfast; and if you think the coast is clear, you shall hear our whole story."

"Carlo here shall keep watch," said the Warrener, sending the dog outside to bask in the sun, while he, with an artistic hand, prepared tea and placed the general apparatus for breakfast ready.

Monk, standing erect by the fire and occasionally helping the old man, told his story, to which the Warrener listened without the least interruption. When he had concluded, however, he gave his tongue full away.

"What is bred in the bone will out in the flesh. Charles Everton was always a bad one. He never was up to no good. And so"—changing his tone to one of deep and respectful interest—"this is young Sir Arthur. Ah! my worthy master, you confined himself almost entirely to acting the chief character in that drama, by which he has realised a handsome fortune. Those who have only seen him in "Rip Van Winkle" can form no idea of his merits as a low comedian in other legitimate characters in which he excels, being quaint, natural, easy, perfectly unconscious of the audience, and at all times thoroughly imbued with the true meaning of the character assumed. His mother, previous to her marriage with Mr. Jefferson, had been the widow of Thomas Burke; consequently, the subject of our sketch was a half brother to Charles Burke, a famous comedian, whom he closely resembled as he grew to manhood. Mr. Jefferson has been twice married. In 1826 he married Miss Lockyer, then acting with him at the National Theatre, in this city. She dying on Feb. 25th, 1831, left him a son and a daughter. The former, Charles, evinces much natural talent for the stage. In December, 1837, Mr. Jefferson married, at Chicago, Ill., a daughter of Henry Warren, and a niece of the celebrated comedian, William Warren. Among the characters in which Mr. J. has won much fame, other than those already referred to, may be mentioned Caleb Plummer, Dr. Ollapod, Dr. Pangloss, Bob Acres and Mr. Golightly. He has likewise acted with much success in burlesque. He may now be said to be in the very zenith of his fame, being one of the most attractive stars that travels the country. He possesses many social qualities, which in private life have endeared him to a large circle of friends.

TO BE CONTINUED.

I AIN'T TAKING ANY JUST NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY "DOBBS."

This moment I've just been invited
To assist at a big "jamboree,"
And they swear they will have me indicted
If my form they do not chance to see;
But I know it is only a "bender,"
And will probably end in a row,
Of that stock, they will please to remember,
"I ain't taking any just now."

I was up in the country last summer,
There was a young girl there I knew,
And I tell you that girl was a "hummer,"
And I loved her both honest and true;
I went out to milk very early,
For of course I thought sure I knew how
But I thought, as the bull acted surly,
"I ain't milking any just now."

To waste my time there was a pity,
Of that fact we soon were agreed.
So, I threw it down and succeed;
But it ended just as I expected,
And came near breaking up in a row;
With a married dame I was detected,
And, "I ain't taking any just now."

So don't let my absence affect you,
Or your fun at the big "jamboree,"
Tho' not there, I will sure recollect you,
But my elegant form you won't see;
For the ladies I know will be present,
And I've made a most terrible vow,
They have used me so very upleasant,
That "I ain't taking any just now."

New York, May 4th, 1872.

AMONG THE "SIDE SHOWS."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY CLAUDE DE HAVEN.

Who is the person that visits the circus and has not the curiosity to pay the "side exhibition" a visit, especially after being reminded a dozen times by the ring master that "as you pass on the outside you will see a small pavilion," etc. We pass on the outside with the crowd, and as soon as we breathe the pure air once more we confront the eloquent voice of an individual, perched on a three-legged stool, expatiating in glowing terms upon the wonderful curiosities to be seen within, and are frequently reminded that "What you see on our banners outside just so you'll find inside alive, nothing *dead* or stuffed, and a quarter of a dollar passes you in to remain as long as you like; and I am sure when you pass on the *ou*-side you will be *high*-ly delighted."

His speech is something after this fashion:—"Here on the right you will observe the painting of Herr Takemall, the German Hercules, from Strasburg on the Rhine, with a beard on his face like the mane of a lion, which has grown to the extraordinary dimensions of nine feet and a half. The other choice oil painting represents Nathaniel Wheelbarrow, born in Africa (Jersey) without arms. Hark to the shouts of the 'Wild Boy,' (from Ohio). The other life-like *pourtrait* represents the South American 'Boa Typhoon,' from Persia, the most harmless and yet the most desperate of the '*snake* creation.' The banner next to it gives you a correct, although a *faint* representation of the beautiful Zeldi Kemeldo, the only Circassian ever captured and placed on exhibition, from the island of Seeyon (Brooklyn). The *fotograf* on the *tother* end paints to your imagination the 'Vinke Vark' in his native state (Pennsylvania). This animal is believed to be more formidable than the dreaded 'Vark Vinke. His hind legs was *bit* off by a bear trap. Now, ladies and gentlemen, all this grand combination of natural curiosities is to be seen inside. It costs you but a quarter of a dollar, and you'll find our exhibition is all we *claim* for it. It *costs* you but a (observing a Dutchman) faddle dollar. It is amusing, moral, instructive and genteel. It costs you but a two shillins, and you'll find ladies and gentlemen, that you can't pass an hour more pleasantly, or *spend* a twenty-five cent piece to better advantage. We have an exhibition, ladies and gentlemen, that no husband nor brother need be ashamed to take his wife or sister to. It costs but a quarter of a *case*."

At this stage of his oratory I saw the young man had designs on the muses, so we paid him *his* quarter he had been *squeezing* so long for, and passed inside.

When our bewildered eyes first beheld the *fair* Circassian, with hair erect (it was a pleasant day), perched on a platform two feet high from the ground, dressed in all the gay colors one ever saw in the Bowery, my thoughts sadly reverted to the bankruptcy of some "dollar store." The long *bearded* man was smoking a pipe, remarkable only for its strength; he was quietly gliding among the "Rushes," offering his pictures for sale.

At the extreme end of the tent was the "No armed wonder," *all by himself*, reminding one forcibly of a Monk with the colic.

Then we suspiciously approached the case containing the "boy constructor." After being entertained with the same lecture as on the outside, omitting only the "quarter of a dollar," the "band begun to play." This is copyrighted. Propelled by a vigorous youth, and so disjointed were its chromatics that it reminded one of the historical resin and dry goods box, proverbial at marriage festivities. Feeling satisfied that I had received the value of my money, I quietly turned to withdraw, when I was gently touched on the shoulder by a neatly dressed young man, who innocently inquired if "he hadn't seen me before?" I politely replied, "Perhaps so, *I've been there*." He expressed a great anxiety that I should make further observation of the *serpent*, at the same time placing three nicely painted paste boards on the glass of the *snake* case, and showing me which "card was for me and which *heard* wins for him," and commenced to move them in a very graceful manner. I magnanimously, altho' perhaps foolishly, proposed that I would relinquish my claims on the "kearda," and let them *all* win for him. He mechanically smiled a peaceful smile, and remarked, "I think *you have* been there before," and in a *business* way turned his attention to some other individual whom he "had seen somewhere." I passed out. Next.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

The subject of our sketch is descended from an old theatrical family, being the third of that name. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 20th, 1829

NEW YORK CLIPPER BUILDING,

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NEW YORK CLIPPER OFFICE,
32 AND 30 CENTRE STREET.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,860, New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

FORD-DU-LAC.—1. The fastest time by steamer from New York to Liverpool is eight days, fourteen hours and ten minutes, by the City of Brussels. 2. The time of the steamboat R. E. Lee, from New Orleans, La., to Natchez, Miss., was sixteen hours, thirty-six minutes, forty-seven seconds; that of the Natchez, same distance, sixteen hours, fifty-one minutes, thirty seconds. 3. Four-teen miles was made in eleven minutes on the N. Y. Central road, 1855, by a locomotive and six cars. Eighteen miles has also been made in fifteen minutes in England. 4. The fastest one mile time, trotting, is 2:17, by Goldsmith Maid.

JOE WEST.—A player bats a ball; a player on the other side gets it, puts it to first, and the ball and player get to the first base exactly at the same time; is the man out? 2. Is there any difference between double sculls and pair oars? A. Who, in your opinion, is the best single scull oarsman in the world; in the United States?"..... 1. No. 2. In the one case two men row, in the other but one. 3. Cannot say.

H. C. H., Williamsic, Ct.—1. We are not aware of the existence of such an organization. 2. Tom Allen never fought any one at Foster's Island. His shoulder was said to have been injured in his fight with Jim Mace in Louisiana. His only battles in this country were with Mace, Mike McCoole, Pat Gallagher, Mike McCool and James C. Gallagher, all but the former taking place near St. Louis, Mo.

BLACK HAWK, C. T.—At auction pitch you must follow suit if you can when trumps are led, but when any other suit is led you may follow suit or trump in, whichever you choose. For instance, the Jack is often trumped in by the last player, when trumpwere not led, to save it also, a trick is often trumped that has a good chance for game in it.

J and A Again.—Two "All eights." A plays a deuce, 5 5, C 4, D and how many points?..... D is entitled to a run of 3 with his 5 spot; A to a run of 9 for his tray, and B to a run of 4 for his seconds.

J. B.—The sports and pastimes of the Highland gatherings, as the fêtes and all the court cards are considered equal, consequently, at each king having been cut, they should have stayed. 2. Your bet in cutting for the start card, not less than three must be lifted, and not less than four left.

CLIFTON KRANZ, Chicago, Ill.—Good plays that have but one scene to each act are certainly preferable, as there is nothing to mar the continuity of interest to the spectator, and the stage can be set in a more elaborate manner. The expenses are increased, but the interest is correspondingly enhanced.

S. B. D., Humboldt, Kansas.—1. The ace can only be counted as one at the game with dice. 2. One player having bursted, the others can stand on any number they like to prevent their being bursted, too. 3. It is called Vingt-un. 4. Horace Greeley was born Feb. 3d, 1811.

TYRO, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your letters arrive so late we are compelled to cut them. The cast and synopsis of the plot of the new piece you mention will be acceptable if all your letters are to reach us Saturday, or early Monday morning at the latest. Your last was received just before going to press.

H. D., Key West, Fla.—The great match between Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, run at York, May 13th, 1851, was won by the former by a length. Voltigeur had previously defeated the Dutchman in the Doncaster Cup.

A. H., Wyoming.—No player can run as a substitute for another without the consent of the captain of the field side, who can, moreover, designate the man whom he permits to run. Send on the news.

C. S., Bay City, Mich.—Circus performers have boys apprenticed to them, and when they grow too large to perform certain feats others replace them. The performer you name has married many boys upon his head.

J. K. MANAGER, Boston, Mass.—1. Send to T. Allston Brown, 718 Broadway, for a copy of the "Showman's Guide." 2. You will have to get a license in each city. The advance agent will secure and issue it for the manager.

AN OLD READER, Albany, Ga.—1. MRS. James A. Oates is a widow. 2. Miss Sophie Worrell has never been married. 3. A letter addressed in care of the CLIPPER office would reach the lady.

J. F. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—We cannot tell exactly, but we think that the parapet of London Bridge is about 90 or 100 feet above low water mark, but the arches are low, steamboats having to lower their funnels to pass through.

W. H. H., Bergen, Mich.—If A had made sufficient points to go out, of course he wins the game. You do not state what he made.

HAMILTON.—Enquire of any hardware storekeeper in your town.

J. D., Newark.—1. Mr. Bonner does not own a horse called Startight; he possesses one called Startle. 2. The highest pecuniary for gold since 1861 was $188. 3. He may have done so, but not to our knowledge.

WM. SHARP, Charlestown, Va.—Bill Poole defeated Morrissey in a rough-and-tumble fight, for $1000, on Amos street dock, this city, July 12th, 1854.

CHARLES OAK, Cohoes, N. Y.—Barnum's Museum—the last one he managed, situated on Broadway, a little above Spring street—was destroyed by fire on the night of March 3d, 1865.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati, O.—The prize ring fight was with John Morrissey. It was for $5,000 and the championship, and took place Oct. 21, 1858.

J. H., Bay City.—1. According to the New York rules, a handler refusing to field the ball to the batsman when it is his turn to scratch, loses the fight. 2. The dogs must scratch in turn.

MONTMORTAL CITY.—The championship is to be decided by the number of games won and lost, each club having to play five full games with every other club.

FRED. JONES, South Bend.—Suppose the striker hits a ball to short stop, he forwards it in time to put the striker out, the short stop is under the rules according.

SUCKER, Warsaw, Ill.—Yes, he is traveling with Backenstose's Circus, but, owing to his having sued for his stake in a match some time ago, he is not "counted in" any longer.

DEARING, Red Bank, N. J.—We have found the name of that gentleman recorded in our annual record of circuses as having been with any of John O'Brien's shows during the summer of 1871.

G. H. M., Broadway.—What we know about farming is not sufficient to warrant us in answering the question submitted. The *Agriculturalist* should be able to enlighten you on that point.

E. E. C., Schenectady, N. Y.—Articles of impeachment were presented in congress against President Andrew Johnson, but he was acquitted.

F. E. A., Chester, Pa.—We do not know of any edition of Xenophon's Anabasis published with a lexicon, but you can get one of Liddell & Scott's Greek Lexicon for a dollar.

R. Y. Z.—John Brougham has played in "Pocahontas" at the Winter Garden within the past eight years. It was produced June 18th, 1860, and ran until July 7th.

G. S. H., Norfolk, Va.—All our authorized correspondents have credentials, and any person who claims so to be and cannot show his authority is misrepresenting affairs.

J. H. W., Petersburg, Pa.—Kelly, the leaper, is not dead; see this week's circus summary. 2. A batter can make a home run on a foul ball.

BROTHER CHARLATANS, Cumnock, Ont.—Neither O'Reilly or any one else ever jumped that distance on level ground. The best standing jump is 13 ft. 8¾ in., by Searles, at Utica, N. Y.

TOM LESLIE.—1. The great fire in New York occurred in 1835. 2. Commodore Vanderbilt, and not Mr. Bonner, owns Mountain Boy.

S. M.—The explanation to which you allude occurred in this city on June 20th, 1845, destroying 300 buildings, and causing a loss of $6,000,000.

BELLEVUE HOUSE, Charlestown, Mass.—The Mr. Curtis against whom charges have been preferred, is at the present time a Judge of the Marine Court.

CHARLES, Plattsville.—What must be agreed upon before the commencement of the race, and it cannot be put up after a heat has been contested.

HUMANO RUN, Washington, D. C.—Nassau street, near Fulton, is only about six paces from curb to curb, but lower down, near Wall street, it is wider.

T. C. E.—Wm. Allen Butler is the author of "Nothing to Wear." We cannot give the name of the author of the other poem.

N. PAINE, Grand Tower, Ill.—You can order your partner up, and go alone, if your hand warrants it, and if you take all five tricks, you are entitled to five points.

C. H. H., Springfield, Mass.—The fastest time made by a trotting horse with running mate was 2:18, made by Ethan Allen and Shark.

SHARON.—1. At seven up, the cards must be dealt three at a time. 2. In cutting for deal at euchre, the Jack is the highest card.

T. Y., Utica.—B had no right to go alone against A, after the latter had declared to play alone, as only one player can play a lone hand. B having euchred A, scores two points only.

ENQUIRER "73," Bethlehem, Pa.—1. The next meeting of the National Trotting Association will be held in Philadelphia, but the day is not fixed. 2. Yes, to both questions.

D. F., Pleasantville, Pa.—O having missed the bird which his partner D, shoots at and kills, H is scored against him as a missed bird.

A. X. R., Philadelphia, Pa.—Apply in person to the manager of some minstrel troupe in your city.

A READER, Fairchild.—In the acting edition of the play of "Richelieu," you will find the costumes accurately described.

M. D.—A and B divide the stakes; C's euchre putting them both out together.

DR. L., New Haven, Conn.—Gilfing & Tryon, 13 spruce street, New York.

JACK CORNING.—They have three stores on Eighth avenue, Nos. 537 and 545.

J. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—We know of no one who gives instruction in ventriloquism.

O. K., Baltimore, Md.—While Millie Turnour is traveling with Noyes' Crescent City Circus in the south.

CLIPPER READER, Denver, Col.—Sam Patch made his fatal leap at Genesee Falls, Rochester, N. Y.

L. L., New Orleans.—The best hand at poker is four aces, or four kings with an ace.

LOAD BALTIMORE GANG.—1. The "whip" pennant is the championship streamer. 2. 8 to 1 is the best score. 3. Not safe.

A BOATHOUSE.—Yes, at the Tremont Base Ball Park, Westchester County. Enquire on the grounds.

W. P. R., Earlham College.—Hatfield has made the longest throw on record at base ball, viz., 132 yards.

AMATEUR, Boston.—We have not seen the others yet. Thus far we prefer McVey.

BOB FORBES, Louisville, Ky.—Received in good order, and will have a place at a future day. Accept our thanks.

C. D.—Single trapeze performers command from $25 to $40 per week, according to ability and reputation.

"BOSES."—Oh no, "we never go back on the boys." In our next.

LEGAL TENDER, St. Louis.—Keenan did knock King out of time, but the fight was not claimed for him.

J. F., Pittsburgh.—It may reach him. We do not know his present address.

C. Y., Randall, N. Y.—Watch the circus summary of the CLIPPER.

P. T.," Boston, Mass.—Glad to hear of your recovery. All right about the year.

LUMBRICK, Pittsfield, Mass.—You will find answers to your questions in our various reports of games played this season.

CHESTNUT BLANDS, Columbia, Pa.—We should advise you not to start until you are certain that the truth has been told you.

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P

BILLIARDS.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

The Cue Changes Hands.

J. B. T. McCleery, who had held the championship cue of the Pacific coast for about seventeen months, met Anthony Kraker in Platt's Hall, San Francisco, on the 7th inst., at the game of

THE GAME.

Upon stringing, Kraker won lead and choice of balls, and elected to take the first inning. Running it to 9, McCleery followed with 8, leaving the balls in hand. In the fourth inning Kraker ran 37, and McCleery followed with a couple of double shots, counting 13, and letting Kraker come in and make 24, leaving the balls well for Mac, who added 50 to his score; and in his turn left the frozen balls for Kraker, who, following the style of playing on light tables, which the possibility reduces, with an impenetrable coat of counters, added 29 to his total and left his opponent in a position where the shot could with a profit and fitting opportunity be attempted. This the latter did with extreme caution, and succeeded in making a good count, leaving Kraker in a position where he could not score. In the seventh inning Mac did some very fine playing, making 18, but left the balls at the end of the table for Kraker, who, in attempting a very difficult shot, failed, leaving the balls standing in a very close proximity to the ball on the table. On the ninth inning Mac scored 10, and McCleery followed with a cypher. Mac then went to work from corner to corner, and, after a number of very fine shots, scored 19, leaving a most favorable shot for Kraker, who was accordingly complimented with much applause. Mac continued playing until he succeeded in scoring 24 points, the game standing—Kraker, 500; McCleery, 461. Indications strong in favor of the latter. Kraker, by a fine run of 37, brought the game to 537 points, when Mac, by a fine display of cue-work, added 63 points, leaving the score—Kraker, 537; McCleery, 524. Kraker, by a fine run of 37, brought the game to 574

FRIENDSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"A friend indeed is a friend in need,"
So runs the olden rhyme,
And Friendship's fame, in praise or blame,
Is sung in every clime;
Oh! sad are those who are her foes,
Whose hearts can ne'er expand
To the thrilling bliss of a welcoming kiss,
Or grasp of a cordial hand.

'Some woful wight says 'tis a light
Gleaming o'er marshes deep,
Wiling man's soul far from its goal,
Then leaving the wretch to weep;
His heart chilled or perchance filled
With pride, life's surest bane,
For he whose gaze seeks gloomy days
Will never seek in vain.

And eyes thus blind will never find
The purest boon e'er given
To mortals here, in this lower sphere,
To lead them up to heaven;
Then let us grasp, with a warmer clasp,
The hands which ours have met,
Content to know that here below
True hearts are throbbing yet. CAPRICE.

A HIGH CALLING;

OR,

The Perilous Trapeze Performance.

It was done away with long enough ago. Parliament took it up, said it was dangerous, and put a stop to it. Perhaps it was dangerous, and perhaps Parliament was right to put a stop to it. But I didn't like it then, for it was my bread, and meant five pounds a week to me; and when it was stopped my profession was ruined. I don't look like it now, for you see I've made flesh, and am close on fifty; but fifteen or twenty years ago, when I was in my flesh, I could have shown you such a figure, and such muscles as you wouldn't see every day. Me and my brother were a regular pair, just the same height, and wonderfully alike. It was a bit of gammon, but it took wonderfully in the bills; and we managed, and're clever enough, be utter madness to announce ourselves as Benjamin and Thomas Hitchens; so we used to be in blue letters all over London, 'Les Freres Provencaux;' and the people came to see us from all parts.

We were engaged, you see, at the Royal Conduit Gardens, and did the *trapeze* work. Now, I dare say you'll find plenty of people who will say it was known long before; but don't you believe 'em. I'm the man who invented the *trapeze*—at least, I'm the boy—that is, I invented it when I was a boy on the swing in our back garden, the one we made under the old apple tree, out of mother's clothes line, and which held till it broke all to bits, and let Tom down that heavy that he put out his shoulder. You see, it was from experimenting on that swing, hanging by my legs, by one hand, by two hands and upside down, that I sowed the seeds of all those wonderful *trapeze* exploits that have, as we say in the bills, "thrilled expectant audiences in every nerve and fibre of their frames."

Tom turned very sulky after he put his shoulder out, and he wouldn't try any more tricks, till he grew jealous of seeing me get so handy at them (he was a queer fellow, was Tom, and never could bear for me to be a head of him, even in taking medicine), and then he set to when I wasn't by and worked so hard that he got to shorten the rope and to hang by one foot quite clever. I hadn't known anything about it, he'd been at it so long that I was quite took back one day when, after figuring about in my boyish fashion upon the rope, he sniggered at me, and then, to my great astonishment—"Get down," he says, "that's cheap done before, and a great deal more too, till you can do that."—and then he crossed when crash! the rope snapped and down came poor Tom on his head and shoulder with a terrible bang.

I up out of the sawdust and ran to him, and he began laughing—and I put it to you, could I help it?—and then we had a regular stand up fight, which was not ended until our Mary charged down on us with a clothes prop, and caught Tom by the throat with the big prong, so as she held him against the wall till he promised he wouldn't fight any more. Tom didn't keep his promise, for he was a terrible boy for fighting, and many's the up and down set-to we have had together; but Poor Betsde any boy, though, who touched me! It didn't matter how big he was, Tom always took my part and thrashed him.

From doing things on the rope we took to tumbling a little on the ground, tying ourselves in knots, walking on our hands; and I shall never forget the day that I first threw a somersault without touching the ground with my hands. That day was a marked one for me; first, because of the pride I felt as I ran in the field and spun over second, because Tom was so jealous that he took a run and a jump, and came down on his back, making it so stiff and bad that he couldn't move hardly for a week.

At last, having done all this for our own amusement as boys, we had to give it up, for times got very bad at some. Poor father, who had only been a journeyman painter, fell ill and died, and mother moved to London, where, after a deal of trying, we boys got a job here and a job there at rough painting, for, from helping father at home, we were both pretty handy with the brush. Times, however, were very hard with us, when one day we heard of a chance. The Royal Conduit Gardens were being done up in a hurry, the lessee having taken them, as it were, at the eleventh hour, and, being at a high rent, of course he wanted to get them open as soon as possible. Re-decoration was the order of the day, and every man who could handle a brush was taken on, painters being scarce in the spring.

Well, we went, and were soon busily at work, painting arbors and arches, and touching up orchestra and artificial sky till the Gardens were opened, when the manager, who was a very civil fellow, gave Tom and your humble servant a ticket for the opening night, and a free treat for us, for we were in good spirits, having a few shillings in our pockets. We saw the theatricals, heard the music, looked at this, looked at that, and were thoroughly enjoying ourselves until we joined the circle about to witness the performances of the Tantipaipiti family—and there we stood for some time seeing them walk on their hands, tie themselves in knots and do a few clumsy somersaults. Then Tom looked at me and I looked at him, and we went away laughing together at what we had seen.

"Why," said Tom at last, stopping short, and giving himself a tremendous slap on the thigh, "if I couldn't do that fly-over better than any one there I'd eat my boots."

"It was poor, wasn't it?" said I.

"Poor!" echoed Tom, "it was shameful."

We walked home that night in silence; but no sooner were we in our room than Tom whips off his coat and waistcoat, and kicks away his boots, and then goes through half a dozen of our old tricks—rather stiffly, but better than anything we had seen.

"Have a try, old boy," he said; and I had a try; and the next day we nearly frightened our landlady to death, and sent her off searching ior help to cut Tom down because he had hung himself from a hook in the ceiling. They got used to our antics at last, and took no notice of us, as we tried hard to get rid of that stiffness, for the same idea had struck us both—that we had better take to tumbling, than paint and starve.

"It strikes me," said Tom, "that if we get a rope or two, and some cross bars fixed, we can rather astonish some of them; anyhow, we'll see."

I quite agreed with Tom; and a short time after, as bold as brass, we applied to the manager of the Gardens for an engagement. Of course, he wanted to see what we could do; so a couple of ropes were fitted up over the stage of the little hall, a bar was tied across like a swing; and on it we set to, turning over, hanging by hands and toes and the backs of our heads, and playing such daring pranks that we brought down the house—that is to say, the lessee and his friends applauded loudly; and I believe I never felt so happy in my life as when he engaged us on the spot at a salary.

For the whole of that season we were as successful as could be; and, through constant practice, we got to be very handy, and did our tricks in a way which the newspapers called graceful; but, as a matter of course, there were soon a host of imitators; and at the beginning of next season people we wanted something fresh, and the manager asked us if we couldn't introduce something. "It must be wonderfully exciting, you know," he said, "or else it wont take. You'd think that was strong enough for them," he continued, pointing to a balloon; "but, lor' bless you, they don't care now for balloons. Go and think it over. For my part, I thought of proposing a trapeze at the top of the two highest scaffold poles we can get."

I started a bit as he said that; and just then the balloon rose and went away swiftly and lightly over the trees, while I watched it thoughtfully, for I had got an idea in my head. The next morning I talked it over with Tom, who agreed to it in a minute, and we shook hands over it on the spot, for our minds were made up. When the manager engaged us first, he said our name was wouldn't do a bit. The Tantipalpitis' name, he said, was by rights Bodge. The consequence was (as I have said), we went in for French; so the announcement of the "Grand *Trapeze Act*" of "*Les Freres Provencaux*" was advertised all over London.

How well I remember that bright, June day, when going forward in our grand dresses, all tights, satin, ruff and spangles, we were greeted with a roar of applause, and saw that the Gardens were crammed with people, in the middle of whom was the great balloon, ready filled and swimming about as it tugged at its ropes.

"How do you feel, Tom?" I said, looking at him.

"Brave as a lion, my boy," he says, stoutly. "It's no more than doing it twenty feet high."

"True," I said; "and it's as easy to be drowned in sixty as in six hundred feet of water."

The next minute we were holding the *trapeze* bars, close to the balloon, waiting the signal for it to rise; and now, for the first time, I felt a sensation of fear, and I'll tell you what gave it to me—the people, instead of cheering us as soon as we began to rise, kept perfectly silent, and that seemed to go right through me; for you must know that what we had been advertised to do was to perform our rope and bar tricks right under the balloon, twenty feet below the car, and that without anything to save us if we should make a slip.

There was no time for fear, though; and the next minute we were doing it all as coolly as could be, as we rose city, a hundred, a thousand feet in the air, and floated away out of sight. I don't recall that I was so very glad to get up into the car, for the excitement kept me from feeling afraid: I remember thinking, though, that Tom looked rather pale. Then we wrapped up well, and enjoyed our first hour's ride till we came down right away in Kent.

We kept that on time after time, and the people came to see us in mobs. The manager said it was the greatest take he had ever had; and I must say he behaved to us very handsomely, what with raising our wages and making us presents. But I did not feel easy in my own mind, for the idea was my own invention, and I thought I ought not to have exposed poor Tom to danger likewise; but all the same, I dared not say a word, for if I had, I knew how jealous he would have turned directly.

I should think we had done this about a month; and all through that month there was ringing in my ears the words of a woman who said out loud on the second time we went up:—"Ah, they'll do that once too often." Suppose, I thought to myself, we do do it once too often! But then there came the thought of the money, and that drove away a great deal of my timidity, as I told myself that a man might play such antics for his whole life and never fall. Well, as I said, we had been doing it about a month, when one evening we took our places as usual. It was an extra night, and the largest balloon was to ascend; our rope, too, was to be lengthened to thirty feet, and at that distance below the car we were to swing as usual.

You may say we ought to have been used to it by this time; there are things, though, which you never do get used to, try how you will, and this was one of them.

The bands were playing away their best, the people were eagerly looking at the ball a dozen aeronauts who were to ascend; the manager of the balloon was there; the signal was given, and the people got in. Then the balloon was allowed to rise so high that our *trapeze* swung clear, when I hung from it by my legs, holding a cross bar in my hands, over which Tom threw his legs, and hung head downwards; and then away we went up, up through the soft evening air, so slowly that Tom's hands touched the top one of the elm trees as he waved about a couple of flags. Our custom was to hang quite still until we were up four or five hundred feet, and then to begin our twining and twisting, and so we did now, when Tom pitched away the flags and we went through our tricks, rising higher and higher, with the faces of the dense crowd getting mixed into a confused mass, and the strains of the band growing fainter and fainter, till all below was quite mingled in a faint hum. We had only one more trick to do, and that was to cast loose the bar and each man swing by his own rope. I had loosened my end, the perspiration streaming down me the while, and Tom had done the same, when, swinging round towards me with a horrible white face, he exclaimed:—"Ben, old man, I'm going to fall."

"It's no use; I couldn't tell you what I felt then if I had tried ever so, only that in half a second I saw Tom lying a horribly crushed corpse far below, and I felt so paralyzed that I thought I should have let go of my own rope and fallen myself. I could act, though, and I did, for in a flash I had given myself a jerk forward and thrown myself against Tom, flinging my legs round him and holding him tightly, and then, tired as I was, I felt that I had double weight to sustain, for Tom's rope was swinging to and fro, and as my legs clung round his body, his head hung down and I knew he must have fainted.

How I managed to hold on, I can't tell now, for though weak with all I had done, I managed to give a hoarse cry for help, and the next moment I heard a cry of horror from the basket work car. Then I felt the rope begin to jerk as they began to haul us up, and I managed to shriek out—"No! no!" for if they had hauled any longer, they must have jerked poor Tom from my hold.

I often ask myself whether it was half an hour or only a few seconds before I saw the rope lowered with a big running noose, and then I've a misty notion of having set my teeth fast on the rope as I felt a dreadful weight, as of lead, dragging at me. Then I felt that it was all over, and knew that I had been the death of poor Tom, or he had seemed to fall as I felt the rope by which I hung jerk again violently. I saw the earth below like a map, and the golden clouds up above the great net covered ball, and then a mist swam before my eyes, and all seemed black and thick as night.

When I came to I was lying on my back in the car, with a man pouring brandy between my lips. My first words were gasped out in a husky tone, for I did not know where I was; and then I remember bursting out into tears as I cried, "Where's Tom?"

"Here, old man," he said, for they had managed to drag us both into the car; and for the next hour we sat there shivering, saturated with cold perspiration; even the men in the car being silent, unnerved, as I suppose, by our narrow escape.

Tom wanted to go again, but I wouldn't let him. "I did not tremble," he said; "it was only a sudden fit of giddiness through being unwell." I went up, though, many times afterwards alone, on horses and on bulls; and I meant to have had a car of flying swans for a grand bit, when government stepped in and put a stop to it; and, as I said before, very sorry I was, for it was my living.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Sentimental Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Jokes, Old Bills, Reminiscences, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BONES HAS A QUESTIONABLE HONOR THRUST UPON HIM.

BONES.—I say, bossy, you didn't hear how near I come to bein' elected president, de odder day, did you?

INT.—I certainly did not hear any such thing, sir.

BONES.—It's a fac'. You know what de 'morial Shakespoke says:—"Some fellers is borne to be great, oders hab a great deal thrust upon dem," and I rudder think I was amongst de lastest sort.

INT.—Tell us all about it. I feel curious to know if moral depravity could really carry a minstrel so low as to make him a candidate for office.

BONES.—It send *me* higher dan a kite. You see dere's a club round our corner—busted fellers, dey is mostly, 'cept when 'lection times comes roun,' and den de way dey makes de mopuseez fly am a sin to caution! Last few days ago I seen dey was gittin' pooty seedy, and lookin' kind as if dey was wallin' for 'someth' to turn up. I'd made a bit at de lottery, and de moment dey hear dat I hab one hundred dollar, dey all go for it. I neber knowed befo' dat I hab so many friends.

INT.—They buzzed about you like the silly moths that flutter 'round a candle until they singe their wings and fall into the flame.

BONES.—Dey went froo me like a family of moths froo a suit of new clothes.

INT.—Never mind, Mr. Bones. You know what the dramatist says:—

"For lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereon the daring climber plants his feet——"

BONES.—Until, at last, a wuss man and sadder,
He breaks a rung and lands him in de street!

Fust ting I knowd, dey sent a committee after me—to git me to commit *myself*! I s'pose—and dey come it ober me wid de old soft soap 'bout my patriotic sarvices when I was greaser on a tug boat durin' de war, and 'bout my 'billity as a scourer and white washer, and offer to send me to de White House. "All right," said I, "gemmen, I ain't got no 'jection to de presidency. How much it cost?" "Bout fifty tousand dollar," says de spokesfeller, smilin' werry bland. "Fifty tousand!" says I; "and I only got a hundred." "Well, neber mind, Bones," says he, "gib us de hundred and we'll 'lect you as far as dat'll go, and you can gib us your note for de balance." "Well, dere's your money," said I, "but I can't imagine what for you trust dem honor upon me." "Why, Bonesey," says he, "cause we got a tachment for you." And wid dat dey shook my hand, and says I, arter I'd stood treat all roun' to gin and oysters, "how 'bout de nomination?" "Consider it settled," says de chairman, and he was de lan' lord, too. Bime by we all got up to go, and as I was leavin, "Bonesey, how 'bout my bill for supper?" says de lan' lord, says he. "Come *nider* it easy," says I, and off I walked, leavin' him a chakkin' de 'mount on his slate.

INT.—That was what you called "*walking your chalk*," I suppose.

BONES.—Well we make up our "slate" for de principal officers and, cute, I tell you, it warn't work 'fore dey was done. So I charge fifty dollars a lick for ebry 'pinter, but dey all offer me deir notes instid—gold, dey said, was so sca'ce just now, in Wall street, and dat 'clude de interview. So I hold a mash meetin' one day called for dat purpus, I s'pose, cause dere was so many heads mashed dere—and dey lif' me up befo' de multitude and started out to address dem. I hadn't gone far when I foun' dey hearers 'citedly talkin' and hissin' dey self, and wid dat I fetch him a tap ober de head, and den *such* a clamjamfry he gan! For jus' 'bout twenty minutes de air was full of ole boot and mashed taters, rotten vegetables and quids o' terbacker, and when dey begin to tore up de platform dere wasn't an eye in de place dat was'nt in mournin'.

INT.—And of course you got the nomination?

BONES.—Course I didn't, for I was elected, too, but it wasn't de way I want to be. Oder words, I was sold.

INT.—I am sorry for you, Bones, but you are not the first black man put up for office by white folks. Having heard from yo, suppose we hear from our colored Brignoli:—

FAIRY BELLS.
OPERATIC AIR AND CHORUS.

Fairy music fills the air,
Airy bells mingle once to be rare.
Set it in that one so fair
Bid the world with melody!
Garlands, wreaths and rich red wine,
Drink to her in richest wine,
In it tunks a spell divine—
She our toast shall be!
Bells are heard in the distance, in symphony with the music.
Brightest being! creature rare!
See, the sun is beaming:
And the gay gondola waits
Where the river's gleaming.
Strike the lute!
Sound the horn!
Gaily the throng
O'er the lawn!
Chorus.—Fairy music, etc.
[*Bells, etc., as before.*]

Goldenly her tresses fall
To her feet, so arch and small:
Boldeth she all hearts in thrall
By her soft, bewitching glance.
Ah, to quiet her alarms
In these gentle, foldier arms,
Venus' self hath not such charms—
How her bright eyes dance!
[*Bells chime, as before.*]
Not a houri in the grove
Hath so fair a seeming;
Not a syren 'neath the sea
Is with such charms so teeming!
Vermil cheeks
With tints inlaid,
Pouting lips
For kisses made.
Chorus.—Fairy music, etc.
[*Bells, etc., as before.*]

NEGRO MINSTRELSY AT THE ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE, N. Y.

Below we offer a programme of a minstrel performance given at the Astor Place Opera House, this city, twenty-two years ago. Samuel S. Sanford was the manager who secured the house for such an entertainment, and his success in doing so created quite a flare up among the Astor place people. He had to pay $1,600 in advance, for two weeks, before the keys were handed to him, and had to furnish security that the scenery, properties, etc., should not be injured. We believe that after Mr. Sanford had concluded his performances there, E. P. Christy offered to give $200 per night for the house, but the doors were thereafter closed against minstrelsy of that kind. Of those named in the programme, Kavanagh, Vonbonhorst, Herr Liebenstine and Wyatt, are dead:—

ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE.
ADMITTANCE 25 CTS.

Private Boxes.....$5 and $7 50
Family Circle, Amphitheatre, Tickets admitting Six Persons.....$1
Gentlemen unaccompanied by Ladies to Dress Circle, 12½ cents extra. Doors open at 7. Commence at 8
1st NIGHT OF THE NEW ETHIOPIANS OPERA TROUPE.
WEDNESDAY EV'G, APRIL 21st, 1850.
First Night of the laughable Burlesque Opera, in 2 acts, entitled SHIN-DE-HEEL-LA; OR, WHO CAN WEAR DIS SHOE?
Travestied from the manuscript of Cinderella, as performed by
THE SEGUIN TROUPE.

Lynch.....as.....Prince Cudjo
Kavanagh...as...Baron Pumkinbeno.
Sanford...as.Peter Pumkinseater
Collins...as...Dandinah
Collins...as...Shin-de-Heel-La

In addition to the above Opera the Troupe will appear in their introducing their original Burlesque Choruses, Songs, Glees, &c.

Violin Solo.....by.....Ole Bull

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Leader.....Professor Rainer
Musical Director.J. H. Kavanagh
Professor McKenna will preside at the Piano Forte.
Musical Director.....Full Band
Operatic Chorus, from Ernani.....Troupe
Dinah Crow.....Lynch
Musician de Banjo.....Rainer
Lost Child..Kavanagh and Troupe
Off to Charleston.....Sanford
Glee.....Troupe
Sweet Mississippi.....Lynch
Operatic Chorus.....Troupe

PART II.

Sailor's Hornpipe.....Hungarian Solo.....Herr Leibenstine
Ballad.....Master Sanford
Lindy.....Violin Solo...Ole Bull & Wyatt

PART III.

To conclude with
SHIN-DE-HEEL-LA.

Prince Cudjo	Vonbenhorst
Dandinah	Rudolph
Baron Pumkinbeno	Fairy Queen
Peter Pumkinseater	Buzzard Wing
Shin-de-heel-la	Collins

Master Sanford
Rainer
Lindy
Wyatt
Sanford
Master Sanford

Choristers, Lords, &c., by the Ethiopian Opera Chorus.

Morning Sweets. Prince. The Vision of Shin-de-heel-la. Grand Chorus, by the Hunters, "Our Prince is Found." The announcement of the Prince. Trio, "Ye Tormentors," Baron and Daughters. The birthmark dressed in full. Song, "Tell us a Secret," Baron and Dandinah. Scene 3d.—Kitchen. Shin-de-heel-la and Pete her only friend. Sudden appearance of the Fairy Queen, who transforms Pumkins to Chariots, Mice to Horses, Rats to Drivers.

FINALE TO ACT 1st.—Chorus, "Sunbeams are Glancing."

Act II.—Magnificent Ball Room in the Palace. Chorus in light, tripping measure. Pete arrives in the Ball Room. Shin-de-heel-la comes in. Song, "I will Be Your Bride." Pete finds the kitchen, and "goes in" for Pies. Grand African Cowdilyun by the Company. Grapevine Twist and Breakdown. Clock strikes twelve. Slipper stops the dance. A reward for the one who wears the slipper. Royal Proclamation. The Trial of the Slipper. Pete entreats for Shin-de-heel-la. She has it on. Finale—"Now with Grief No Longer Bending."

The many requests for the Troupe to give an Afternoon Entertainment, they announce Saturday next, commencing at 3 o'clock.

The evening being for the Benefit of the Manager, Samuel S. Sanford, and positively the last appearance of the above Troupe.

THE TIN-WARE MAN.

BANJO SOLO.

Dedicated to JOHNNY PRESCOTT, *Prescott's Varieties, Philadelphia.*

BY PHIL. H. MOWREY.

O, white folks, list you listen now, to a story I will tell;
It's all about a handsom' gal, who in New York did dwell;
Her mother, she was always out, a-washing for the rich,
And her father made a fortune a cleaning an old ditch.

CHORUS.

I'll never see her more: (Banjo.)
She's run off wid a tin-ware man
To Jersey's foreign shore.

My gal she vended nice hot corn, and did it in good stile;
And her melodious tenor voice was heard for half a mile;
She met dis handsom tin-ware man (I wish he'd ne'er bin born),
And he stopped and asked dat gal of mine for three cens' worth of corn.

Chorus—But she's gone, etc.

They walked and talked togeder for two or free hours or more.
When he asked her if she'd fly wid him to Jersey's distant shore;
And from his pocket forth he pulled a bottle full of gin,
Dat settled it, so off she ran wid dis old hand dat peddled tin.

Chorus—Yes, she's gone, etc.

I'se gwan to get a mus-ku-et, a keg ob powder, too,
A great big knife, and pon-der-ous, dat hunt New Jersey through;
And if I catch dat tin-ware man, he'll peddle tin no more,
But start anoder grave yard on New Jersey's foreign shore.

Chorus—Yes, she's gone, etc.

THE HUTCHINSONS IN 1849.

Appended is one of the Hutchinson concert programmes, of an age when they could travel to some very good singing for the popular price of one shilling. The Hutchinsons, named were of the "tribe of Joshua," it will be observed. We are indebted to J. Stuart Rogers, Esq., of Boston, for the relic.

POSITIVELY FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.
CONCERT.

A branch of
THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY,
Associated with the Misses CAROLINE and ELLEN ROGERS, and OSSIAN E. DODGE,
Will give one of their musical entertainments at
NEWHALL HOUSE, REVERLY, MASS.
SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6TH, 1849

Joshua Hutchinson,	(Twin Brothers.)	Tenore.
Caleb Hutchinson,		Primo Basso
Caroline Rogers		1st Soprano.
Ellen Rogers		2d Soprano.
Ossian E. Dodge		Comic and Baritone.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

1. Quintette—"On to the Field." ..... National song in Norma.
2. Quartette—"A Life on My Native Soil."
3. Duet—"My Mother, Dear." ..... Caroline and Ellen.
4. Quintette—"Sweet Home."
5. Song—"The Child's First Grief." ..... Joshua.
6. Song—"The Unfortunate Man." ..... Dodge.
7. Quartette—"Over the Mountain and Over the Moor."

PART II.

1. Quartette—"There's a Good Time Coming."
2. Quartette—"The Main Truck; or, Leap for Life."

A few years since, while the U. S. Frigate Constitution (more generally known as "Old Ironsides"), was lying in the harbor of Mahon, the captain's son, a mere youth, by the most indomitable courage and daring, climbed the mainmast and perched himself upon the very top of the main truck. The captain, coming upon deck, seeing the perilous situation of his beloved boy, and knowing that it would be instant death for him to attempt to bend and grasp the mast, suddenly seized a rifle, and, in tones of thunder, ordered him leap into the sea or he would immediately fire. The obedient child leaped from his fearful height, and, in the language of the song,

"He sunk, he rose, he lived, he moved—he for the ship struck out—
On board he hailed the lad beloved with many a manly shout."

The captain, overcome with emotion at the safety of his son, sprang forward, clasped the rescued lad to his breast, and fainted on the deck.

3. Quintette—"The First Notes of Spring."
4. Duet—"The Orphan Ballad Singers." ..... Caroline and Ellen.
5. Quartette—"My Heart's in the Highlands."
6. Scene—"O what will a' the lads do." ..... Ellen.
7. Descriptive Song—"Niagara Falls." ..... Dodge.
8. Quartette—"Bright be our Parting."

Tickets, 12½ cents, to be had at the door. Door open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

"IT'S NOBBUT ME."

A CUMBERLAND RHYME.

Ya winter neet, I mind it weel,
Oor lads 'ed been at 't fell;
An' bein' tir'd, went se um to bed,
And I sat be mesel.
I hard a jike on t' window pane,
An' deeply went to see:
Bit when I axt "Who's jikeu theer?"
Says t' chap, "It's nobbut me."

"Who's me?" says I, "What want ya here?
Oor fwok nr aw I' bed?"
"I dunnet want your fwok at aw,
It's *thee* I want," he sed.
"What sort's want wi' me," says I;
"An' who the deuce can't be?
Just tell me who it is, an' than"—
Says he, "It's nobbut me."

"I want a sweetheart, an' I thowt
Thoo mebby wan an' aw;
I'd been a bit down 't deal to-neet,
An' thowt 'at I wad caw;
What, cant'e like me, dus 'e think?
I think I would like thee"—
"I dunnot know who 't is," says I:
Says he, "it's nobbut me."

We pestit on a canny while,
I thowt his voice I kent;
An' then aw stood quite whisht away,
An' cot at t' door I went.
I creap, an' gat him he t' swoat laps,
'Twas dark, he cuddent see;
He starti roond, an' said "Who's that?"
Says I, "It's nobbut me."

An' manny a time he com ageann,
An' menny a time I went,
An' sed, "Who's that 'ats jiken theer?"
When gaily weel I kent;
An' mainly what t' seamm answer com,
Fra back o' t' laylick tree:
He sed, "I think thoo knows who't is;
Thoo knows it's nobbut me."

It's twenty year and mair sen than,
An' ups an' dons we've hed:
An' six fine barns hev blest us beauth,
Sen I an an' me war wed.
An' menny a time I've known 'im steal,
When I'd yan on me knee,
To mak me start, an' then wad laugh—
Ha! ha! "It's nobbut me."

A PARISIAN TRAGEDY.

An anonymous count has made a murderous but also somewhat romantic attack on his wife. Her conduct had raised suspicions in his mind of her loyalty, and on April 22d he fathomed the guilty mystery, much to her cost and his own. The tragedy was perpetrated in a minor street of the Quartier Latin. A medical student was one of the actors in it, and the young wife had grown so enamored of him that she paid him frequent visits, which were prolonged for hours. So little reserve was exercised by them in their illicit intimacy that Lotharic did not mind using his own name in the assignations—he borrowed the suite of an obliging friend, which were situated on the sixth floor of a large house at No. 14 Rue des Ecoles. The count was apprised of the intrigue, but he resolved to say nothing to his wife until he should convince himself by the evidence of his own eyes. From frequent watching he learned where she spent her hours of absence, and one afternoon he proceeded to the place she visited. After luncheon she went out, as usual, unattended. He followed her at a distance, saw her enter the house for which she was bound, and hovered near the door till he thought he was certain to catch her in *flagrante delicto*; then he passed the porter's lodge and was proceeding deliberately upstairs when the porter, who most likely knew him, endeavored to prevent him. Failing in that, he made noise enough to alarm the paramours inside of the room. The count's knock was not responded to for several minutes, an interval which the medical student had used for escaping by a back window on the roof of an adjoining house. Before opening the door the wife confessed her presence, and, after some parleying, obtained her husband's word of honor that he would commit no violence. When she admitted him, her dress was in disorder—in court phraseology, "disordered." He first searched the room for her paramour, and, when disappointed of finding him, he gave way to a paroxysm of fury, in which he rushed at the poor woman and stabbed her several times with his sword stick. Twice it penetrated her breast, once it entered her stomach, and one of the slight wounds were inflicted on her thighs. While she lay on the ground bathed in blood, he threw from him the sword stick, and, locking the door behind him, again proceeded quietly down stairs. In passing the lodge he told the porter that he had killed his wife, and was going for a confessor for her. This incredulous or over discreet person did not attempt to detain him; nor did he hurry himself to ascertain what had occurred on the sixth floor. The woman had meanwhile gathered strength enough to drag herself to a window and scream "murder." Her cries were heard in a wine shop opposite, and two men ran across to her assistance. On reaching the room they found the door locked, and a chisel had to be fetched to force it open. When they entered, the woman was gasping on the floor, with her throat streaming with blood. As soon as possible the police had her removed to the hospital of La Pitie, where she now hes in an almost hopeless condition. The husband, while on his way for a priest, must have changed his mind, for he went instead to his family doctor, and told him all, urging him to go at once to the relief of the dying woman. The doctor hastened to 14 Rue des Ecoles, but ere he arrived his patient had been conveyed to the hospital. The count went afterward to the prefecture of police and surrendered himself. An inquiry was immediately undertaken by M. Compere, the prefect, in course of which a strange tale of first love has been developed. The paramours had been brought up in the same village, and had loved each other passionately while little more than children. The parents had allowed them to accept each other's vows, and their marriage was fixed upon, when "family interests" intervened to break the female side. The engagement was broken off, and the *fiancee* was forced to marry against her will the man whom she afterward betrayed. The young man established himself in Paris in one of the public administrations, and his bride was also brought there after her marriage. They met, and, the old love reviving in her bosom, by degrees overthrew her sense of duty. She became a mistress to the man she should have married. He has not been heard of since his escape by the roof, and the husband's rage was no doubt aggravated by his wife's refusal to confess his name. The occupier of the rooms, however, has furnished that information.

FLORAL McFLIMSY'S COUNTERPART.
"Bouquet Johnny" Cowhided by a Mrs. Piggott.

A court scene of rather an exciting nature occurred at Essex Market on the 15th inst., caused by the arraignment of a pretty, young female, named Mrs. Emma Lowen Piggott for cowhiding George Browers, *alias* Bouquet Johnny, who for some years has been engaged as a flower merchant at places of public resort. In giving the why and wherefore of the case and its result, the *Sun*, of the 16th inst., says that "some time since Bouquet Johnny" became engaged by Mr. and Mrs. Piggott, who are also in the floral trade, to decorate the outside of their premises with floral designs, and after collecting about $300 of outstanding debts they say he vanished, and gave out that he had gone to Rochester. Browers spread damaging reports about Mrs. Pigpott's character. These slanders reached the ears of the injured woman, and hearing on Monday afternoon that Browers was in a lager beer saloon at 319 Bowery she purchased a rawhide and went in search of him. When she reached the saloon she found Browers quietly imbibing a foaming glass of lager, and, with her magnificent black eyes blazing with indignation, walked up to him and struck him a stinging blow across the face with her cowhide. Browers jumped up and attempted to defend himself, but the blows rained down upon his hands, shoulders and head with such fierceness that he was forced to beat a hasty retreat. A search of the house revealed the absence of ten $1,000 bonds, and Mr. Nellis at once came to the conclusion that his wife and the clerk were in some way connected with the missing property. He secured the services of a detective, and the two left Cincinnati on the evening of the 22d of April, determined to find the fugitives. They were tracked to Kansas City, but they seemed to have slid out of all recognition, and a visit to St. Joseph, Mo., was made in the hopes of again striking the trail. The clerk's name, who is supposed to be a partner in Mrs. Nellis' fight is Harry Wildhaur, a German by birth, but a most engaging person, and one likely to strike the fancy of a vain woman. He represented to be twenty-three years old, of slim build, medium height, dresses well, with auburn hair parted in the middle, side whiskers, a mustache, but a goatee. He lisps slightly in his talk and apes the New York swell. Mrs. Nellis is a woman past thirty, but has the appearance of not being over twenty-two. She is engaging in her manners, has a profusion of dark hair, dark eyes and a scar on the right side of her neck. She leaves behind her two small children, one a girl four and a half years old and a boy of only eighteen months. The cause of her defection is unknown to her husband, who is troubled over it, and is determined to find out the reason why. Wildhaur was the chief clerk in Nellis' store, but so far as Mr. Nellis knows, says the *St. Joseph Herald*, never spoke to his wife previous to his going to New York. The detective left for Omaha, while Mr. Nellis returned to Kansas City to pick up the trail there if possible. It is surmised that the guilty couple have gone to California.

WHOLESALE MISCEGENATION.—A white woman who is a native of Massachusetts, but is now a resident of Mobile, has had one white husband and four black. Her intimate friends say that her fifth widowhood will also be terminated by another gentleman of color.

ELOPES WITH ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE AND $10,000.

An elopement from Cincinnati occurred on the 18th ult., which has given rise to considerable gossip. It appears that a Mr. Alfred Nellis, of that city, who had been in New York to purchase his summer stock, returned to his home to find it desolate, and in charge of a trusty servant, who informed him that her mistress had fled the evening previous with a clerk in the Nellis establishment, and had gone north. A search of the house revealed the absence of ten $1,000 bonds, and Mr. Nellis at once came to the conclusion that his wife and the clerk were in some way connected with the missing property. He secured the services of a detective, and the two left Cincinnati on the evening of the 22d of April, determined to find the fugitives. They were tracked to Kansas City, but they seemed to have slid out of all recognition, and a visit to St. Joseph, Mo., was made in the hopes of again striking the trail. The clerk's name, who is supposed to be a partner in Mrs. Nellis' fight is Harry Wildhaur, a German by birth, but a most engaging person, and one likely to strike the fancy of a vain woman. He represented to be twenty-three years old, of slim build, medium height, dresses well, with auburn hair parted in the middle, side whiskers, a mustache, but a goatee. He lisps slightly in his talk and apes the New York swell. Mrs. Nellis is a woman past thirty, but has the appearance of not being over twenty-two. She is engaging in her manners, has a profusion of dark hair, dark eyes and a scar on the right side of her neck. She leaves behind her two small children, one a girl four and a half years old and a boy of only eighteen months. The cause of her defection is unknown to her husband, who is troubled over it, and is determined to find out the reason why. Wildhaur was the chief clerk in Nellis' store, but so far as Mr. Nellis knows, says the *St. Joseph Herald*, never spoke to his wife previous to his going to New York. The detective left for Omaha, while Mr. Nellis returned to Kansas City to pick up the trail there if possible. It is surmised that the guilty couple have gone to California.

DRAMATIC REHEARSAL IN COURT.

Carrie Spencer, a young woman, was tried in the San Francisco Police Court on the 1st inst., charged with stealing a silver watch, valued at $20, from Charles Yelverton, an eccentric individual well known in that city. He testified that he met the defendant on the street, walked with her some distance, when she was taken suddenly ill and she entered a house, after which he left her and some time thereafter missed his watch, which he charged she had taken from him. The complainant was cross-examined at length by Judge George W. Tyler, counsel for the prisoner. "You are positive that the defendant is the young lady you met on the night spoken of?" said the Judge. "Oh, yes," replied the witness; "but she was not dressed as she is now." "How was she dressed?" asked the attorney. "I can't tell you much about her dress, but I know her head dress was not as it is now," replied Yelverton; "she did not have all that back rigging she has got on now," as he pointed to an immense chignon which adorned her head, "and if she removed the after part of that head gear you'd see she had short, curly hair." "Where were you going with the lady, and what did you say to her?" inquired the attorney. "Well," said Yelverton, "I asked her to walk with me out to the Mission, or anywhere we could gaze at the stars." "Now, isn't this a fact that you wanted her to walk with you to your residence?" "Well, yes," was the answer. "What did you ask her to go there for?" was the next question. "I wanted her," said Yelverton, "to come with me so I could teach her to play Iago, because I thought she was cut for an actress." "Who was to play Desdemona?" asked the attorney; "were you to take that part?" "No," answered the witness, "I was not cut out for that part, I was only to give directions." "Whom were you to have to play the part of Othello, the jealous Moor?" asked Judge Tyler. "I had not time to consider that at that time," said Yelverton; "but if I had had, I would most undoubtedly have sent for you, Judge Tyler, to play that part, for I really believe you would be fully competent." After a few more questions, as relevant to the issue as the above were, had been asked, the case was dismissed by the judge, who was not satisfied from the statement of the complainant, the only witness for the prosecution, that the accused had stolen the watch.

BROTHERLY LOVE DISCONTINUED.—Henry Wahn, of 408 Second avenue, machinist, doing business 240 Canal street, has commenced an action in the Superior Court this city against his brother, Charles Wahn, for eloping with his wife, Frederika Wahn. Damages are laid at $10,000. From the affidavits in the case

THE TURF.

NASHVILLE BLOOD HORSE ASSOCIATION SPRING MEETING.

Under favorable auspices the spring meeting of the Nashville Blood Horse Association was opened at their course, Nashville, Tenn., on Monday, May 13th, the weather being cool and pleasant, and the gathering of spectators gratifyingly large, though the track was dry and dusty. The same remarks apply to the succeeding days of the meeting. Below we present summaries of the different events:—

SPRING MEETING OF THE NASHVILLE BLOOD HORSE ASSOCIATION.—FIRST DAY, May 13th, 1872.—Agreed Stake for four year olds, $50 entrance, play or pay, the association adding $400; closed with four nominations. Value of stakes, $600.

Turner & Johnson entered ch f Double Out, by Jack Malone, dam Bianca, by Childe Harold, 101 lbs..... 1
R. B. Cheatham entered b c Repeater, by Brown Dick, dam Woodbine, by Lexington, 104 lbs..... 2
B. F. Cockrill entered b c Richland, by Jack Malone, dam by Shark, 104 lbs..... 3
C. Diggons entered sr f ——, by Brown Dick, dam Cordova, by Lightning, 101 lbs..... dis

Time, 1:50; 1:47¾.

SAME DAY.—Cumberland Stake for three year olds, mile heats, $50 entrance, play or pay, the association adding $400; closed with four nominations; value of stakes, $600.

General J. A. Mabry entered ch c Eland, by Jack Malone, dam Gazelle, by imp. Albion, 90 lbs..... 1 1
Captain G. W. Stewart entered b f Jennie McKinney, by Planet, dam Volga, by imp. Glencoe, 87 lbs..... 2 2
A. Turner entered ch f Signonette, by Jack Malone, dam Blondin, by Commodore, 87 lbs..... 4 3
General W. G. Harding entered b f Tallulah, by Planet, dam Mazurka, by Lexington, 87 lbs..... 2 dis

Time, 1:47; 1:46½.

SECOND DAY, May 14th.—Railroad Stake, for green three year olds that did not appear prior to the 1st of January; $25 entrance, play or pay, the railroads to add $300, of which the second horse was to receive $50. Closed with twenty nominations. Mile heats, two in three.

J. G. Ballentine entered blk c High Constable, by Blacklock, dam Albion, by imp. Albion, 90 lbs..... 4 0 1 1
S. T. Drane entered ch g Tom Aiken, by John Aiken, dam Likeness, by Boston, 87 lbs..... 3 1 2 2
A. Turner entered ch f Flush, by Hiawatha, dam Fanby Begg, by Ambassador, 87 lbs..... 1 0 3 3
W. G. Harding entered b f Mariposa, by Jack Malone, dam Nubia, by imp. Albion, 87 lbs..... 2 0 6 ro
J. A. Mabry entered ch c Eland, by Jack Malone, dam Gazelle, by imp. Albion, 90 lbs..... 5 2 5 ro
J. Mattingly entered b f Bessie Lee, by Hunter's Lexington, dam by Chorister, 87 lbs..... 6 0 4 ro
W. J. Bacon entered ch c T. W. Doswell, by Exchequer, dam Dolphin, by Red Eye, 90 lbs..... dis.
G. W. Hunt entered br f Warrene, by Hiawatha, dam by imp. Sovereign, 87 lbs..... dis.
D. Diggons & Holman entered ch f Nina Turner, by Hiawatha, dam Cordovo, by Lightning, 87 lbs..... dis.

Time, 1:46¾; 1:46¾; 1:47¾; 1:50.

SAME DAY.—Club Purse, $300; for all ages; dash of two miles.

J. Melye entered b c Nathan Oakes, 4 yrs old, by Bonnie Scotland, dam by Lexington, 104 lbs..... 1
G. W. Stewart entered ch h Barney Williams, 6 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Volga, by Glencoe, 115 lbs..... 2
Polk Prince entered b c Bay Tom, 4 yrs old, by Reward, dam by Childe Harold, 104 lbs..... 3
J. Coffee entered br m Morlacchi, 5 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Banner, 107 lbs..... dis.
R. F. Wood entered ch c Graham McNairy, 4 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Velvet, 104 lbs..... dis.
J. Mathews entered ch m Josephine, 4 yrs. old, by Jack Malone, dam by Wagner, 101 lbs..... dis.

Time, 3:42.

SAME DAY.—Club Purse, $150; dash of a mile and a half.

J. Franklin entered b f Arizona, 4 yrs. old, by Lexington, dam imp. Zone, 101 lbs..... 1
R. Scott entered b m Sally Newton, by John Morgan, dam by Oliver..... 2
J. Coffee entered ch c Wanderer, 4 yrs. old, by Lexington, dam Coral, 104 lbs..... 3
H. B. Pratt entered ch f Emma Pratt, by Second Highlander, dam by Second Leviathan..... 0
J. G. Ballentine entered ch c Keno, 4 yrs. old, by imp. Australian, dam Young Clipper, by Oliver, 104 lbs..... 0
H. Swape entered blk h John Morgan, aged, by Venturer, dam by Wide Awake, 115 lbs..... 0

Time, 2:14¾.

THIRD DAY, May 15th.—Purse, $600; for all ages; two mile heats.

G. Rice entered b f Anna B, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Banner, 101 lbs..... 1
W. G. Harding entered ch f Euchre, 4 years old, by Brown Dick, dam Odd Trick, 101 lbs..... 2

Time, 3:38; 3:39.

SAME DAY.—Club Purse, $300; for all ages; mile heats and repeat.

J. J. Crowley entered ch c Quartermaster, 4 years old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Rosette, 104 lbs..... 1 4 1
R. B. Cheatham entered gr h Aneroid, 6 years old, by Lexington, dam Nebula, by imp. Glencoe, 115 lbs..... 2 1 2
R. Scott entered b f Sallie Newton, 4 years old, by John Morgan, dam by Oliver, 101 lbs..... 3 2 3
W. G. Harding entered ch c Tenor, 4 years old, by Jack Malone, dam Ballard, by Childe Harold, 104 lbs..... 6 3 4
J. K. Ballantine entered ch c Quicksand, 3 years old, by Jack Malone, dam by Childe Harold, 104 lbs..... 4 dis
V. B. Holman entered ch c Graham McNairy, 4 years old, by Jack Malone, dam Velvet, by Wagner, 104 lbs..... 5 dis
J. Franklin entered ch f Glencoe, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Sallie Lewis, by imp. Glencoe, 101 lbs..... dis

Time, 1:47¾; 1:46; 1:48.

FOURTH DAY, May 16th.—The Turner Stake, for three year olds; mile heats; $25 entrance, play or pay, with $400 added by the club, of which $50 went to the second horse. Closed with eleven nominations. Value of stakes, $675.

J. A. Mabry entered ch f Evelyn Mabry, by Jack Malone, dam Bettie Martin, 87 lbs..... 2 1 1
J. B. Todd entered ch f Ave Maria, by imp. Australian, dam Miss Morgan, by imp. Yorkshire, 87 lbs..... 5 2 2
A. Turner entered b f Bracelet, by Jack Malone, dam Gem by Childe Harold, 87 lbs..... 4 3 3
G. H. Rice entered ch f Fire Fly, by War Dance, dam Alexandra by imp. Sovereign, 87 lbs..... 1 4 4

Time, 1:48; 1:47¾; 1:48¾.

SAME DAY.—Club Purse, $150; dash of a mile; catch weights.

J. Coffee entered br m Morlacchi, 5 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Banner..... 1
J. G. Ballentine entered ch c Keno, 4 yrs old, by imp. Australian, dam Young Clipper, by Oliver..... 2
A. Turner entered ch f Mignonette, 3 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Blondin, by Commodore..... 3
J. Franklin entered ch f Lavergne, 4 yrs old, by Bulletin, dam by Wagner..... 0
E. Burr, Jr., entered b f Lillie Munday, 4 yrs old, by Reward, dam Alice Venable, by Second Attorney..... 0

Time, 1:46¾.

FIFTH DAY, May 17th.—Purse, $500, for all ages; dash of three miles.

G. Rice entered b f Anna B, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Banner, 101 lbs..... 1
W. G. Harding entered ch f Euchre, 4 yrs old, by Brown Dick, dam Odd Trick, 101 lbs..... 2
Polk Prince entered b c Bay Tom, 4 yrs old, by Reward, dam Childe Harold, 104 lbs..... 3

Time, 5:53.

SAME DAY.—Purse, $500, for all ages; mile heats, three in five.

J. Franklin entered b f Arizona, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam imp Zone by The Cure, 101 lbs..... 1 1 1
J. J. Crowley entered ch c Quartermaster, 4 yrs old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Rosette, 104 lbs..... 3 2 2
Rice & McCormick entered ch c Wanderer, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Coral by Vandal, 104 lbs..... 4 3 3
— Mathews entered ch f Josephine, 4 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam by Wagner, 101 lbs..... 2 dis.
A. B. Pratt entered ch f Emma Pratt, 4 yrs old, by Second Highlander, dam by Second Leviathan, 101 lbs..... 5 dis.

Time, 1:54¾; 1:53¾; 1:53¾.

Upon one of our inside pages is presented summaries of the races on the sixth and last day of the meeting.

THE TWO THOUSAND AND ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.

Details of the running in the above principal races of the Newmarket (Eng.) First Spring Meeting, decided respectively on the 1st and 3d inst., are given below:—

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds; colts, 8st. 10lbs.; fillies, 8st. 5lbs.; the second received 200 sovs. out of the stakes, and the third saved his stake; R. M. (1m. 17yds.); 81 subs.

Jos. Dawson entered ch c Prince Charlie, by Blair Athol, out of Eastern Princess; 8st. 10lb..... J. Osborne 1
Mr. Savile entered b c Cremorne, by Parmesan, out of Rigolboche; 8st. 10lb..... Maidment 2
Lord Falmouth entered b c Queen's Messenger, by Trumpeter, out of Queen Bertha; 8st. 10lb..... French 3

There were eleven other starters. Betting at start, 2 to 1 agst Prince Charlie, 5 to 2 agst Cremorne, 10 to 1 each agst Almoner and Laburnum, 100 to 8 agst Statesman, 14 to 1 agst Queen's Messenger, 100 to 7 agst Wenlock, 20 to 1 agst Helmet, 40 to 1 agst Bethnal Green, 66 to 1 each agst Wellingtonia, Landmark and Xanthus, and 100 to 1 agst King Lud. Although Helmet was inclined to be fretful at the post, he did not delay the start, for at 2.50 (ten minutes behind time) they were despatched without a failure on excellent terms, and Queen's Messenger at once took the lead at a moderate pace. He was followed, on the left, by Almoner, just clear of Xanthus, Wellingtonia and Laburnum, while nearly level with the Duke of Beaufort's colt trailed Bethnal Green, Landmark and Statesman, with Cremorne heading the right hand lot. At his girths came Wenlock and King Lud, with Prince Charlie laid well up to them, and the last two were Helmet and Lighthouse, the latter of whom, on the extreme right, was next to pioneer Almoner. Yet with the pace only moderate he could never reach the front, and before getting to the bushes Laburnum and Statesman dropped back, while Helmet tailed even for a moment to show in the race. On the top of the hill Almoner was passed by Bethnal Green and Wellingtonia, and the pair went on in pursuit of Queen's Messenger, closely pressed now, on the whip hand, by Cremorne, Wenlock, Prince Charlie and King Lud. Before entering the dip, however, Bethnal Green and Wellingtonia hung out signals of distress, and at the same time Cremorne deprived Queen's Messenger of the command, whereupon Prince Charlie and Wenlock drew into second and third places, and the latter was going strong and well until he began to rise the ascent, when he quickly resigned again to Lord Falmouth's colt and the gamely struggling King Lud. In the meanwhile the issue had become reduced to the two favorites, but without even for a moment resting in doubt, as when Johnny Osborne shook the Prince he instantly drew alongside Cremorne, and holding him safe to the end, won very cleverly by a neck, with Queen Messenger third, three lengths off. Close up with the latter, beaten only a head in fact, King Lud was fourth, with Wenlock and Bethnal Green very close in the order named, and in turn clear of Wellingtonia and Almoner, the last two being Lighthouse and Landmark. Run in 1min. 46secs. Nett value of the stakes, £4,350.

ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, by subs of 100 sovs each, h ft, for three year old fillies; 8st 10lb each; the second received 200 sovs, and the third saved stakes; D. M. (7 fur 210 yds); 60 subs.

M. Lefevre entered b Reine, by Monarque out of Fille de l'Air..... Parry 1
Sir J. Hawley entered br Derelict, by Tim Whimler out of Reine..... Hunter 2
Mr. Merry entered b Highland Fling, by Scottish Chief out of Masquerade..... Morris 3

Eight others started. Betting.—100 to 30 each agst Violetta and Madge Wildfire, 5 to 1 each agst Arethusa and Nicolini, 6 to 1 each agst Reine and Highland Fling, and 25 to 1 each agst Derelict and Germania. As in the Two Thousand, the flag fell at the first attempt, and Highland Fling was in front for a hundred yards, when Clementina, in the centre, took the lead, followed on the inside by Mr. Merry's filly and Highland Lassie, and on the right by Arethusa and Madge Wildfire, with the favorite clear of Reine, and Derelict also in the middle. Nicchi and Germania, on the right and left extremes, were never really in the race, and soon after the completion of the opening quarter of a mile, Highland Fling resumed the command from Violetta, Highland Lassie and Arethusa. Half a mile from home both Madge Wildfire and Violetta hung out distress signals, and the left Highland Fling, Arethusa and Highland Lassie in front until approaching the cords, when they were caught by Reine and Derelict, who at once quitted them, and the French filly put her neck and shoulders in front into the dip, at which point Derelict drew on even terms. They now tired so much that they rolled on to each other more than once, and, the expiring effort of Derelict being rather weak, Reine just got from him, and won a fine race by a neck, while Highland Fling saved her stake at an interval of three lengths. Arethusa finished a moderate fourth, some distance ahead of Highland Lassie and Margery, and then came Madge Wildfire, Nicchi, Violetta and Clementina, the last of all being Germania. Time, 1min. 46sec. Net value of the stakes, £3,609.

LAYING OUT TRACKS.

To Lay Out a Half-Mile Track.

Lay off two straight sides, 800 feet each (parallel) and 422 feet 6 inches apart, connected at each end with a perfect semi-circle (radius 226 feet 3 inches), place your tence exactly upon a line so formed (which is the inside of your track), and your track will measure exactly half a mile three feet from the fence; the outside fence to be placed according to the width of the track desired. If not convenient to obtain an engineer to run the curves, it can be done as follows:—Place a centre stake midway between the parallel straight sides at each end; take a wire with a loop at the end, loose enough to turn upon the stake, and measure upon this wire 226 feet 3 inches (the radius of the curves), which, from the centre stake, will exactly reach the ends of the straight lines; then describe your semi-circle, beginning at the end of one straight side, and putting down a stake every twelve feet, if that is the length of fence panels desired.

To Lay Out a Full Mile Track.

Select a level field of forty-two acres; draw through the centre of it a straight line of 440 yards (a quarter of a mile). On each side of this line, and at an exact distance of 140 yards from it, draw parallel lines of equal length, so that the space between the two outer lines will be 280 yards. This being done, drive a stake at each end of the centre line; fasten a cord thereto; extend the cord at right angles for 140 yards, until it touches the end of the outer line, and then describe with the extreme end of the cord an outer curve or semi-circle between the ends of the two outer lines. You will then have the shape you want; the continuous outer line describing it being exactly a mile (1,760 yards) in length, divided into four sections of a quarter mile (440 yards) each, and enclosing forty-two acres of ground. From this outer line or track set the fence of the course three feet back on the straight sides and curves. In this way an exact mile (as near as may be) is preserved for the actual foot track of all the horses. The first distance post is placed 60 yards from the judges' stand; the second at 240 yards, and the *start* is 80 yards before entering the turn. The track should be graded round the turns like the track of a railroad or circus, the outer portion highest, so that a horse can extend himself at full speed as well around the turns as on the straight sides.

KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION SPRING MEETING.

Notwithstanding that it clashed with that of the Nashville Blood Horse Association, the spring race meeting of the Kentucky Association, held at Lexington last week, was very successful, crowds attending the course and the contests being brilliant. On the second day, May 14th, the fastest time on record for a mile and a quarter was accomplished by Frogtown, viz.:—2:09¼, carrying 104lbs. This is half a second better than that made by Narragansett at Saratoga, with but 90lbs. up, and by R. B. Connolly, who carried 110lbs. Many alterations and improvements have been made in the track and its surroundings since last season, among the most noticeable and acceptable being the erection of new stands, which were graced by the presence of numerous ladies. The dry weather caused the track and roads to be very dusty, which was the only drawback to the pleasure of those attending. Underneath will be found summaries:—

SPRING MEETING OF THE KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION.—FIRST DAY, May 13th, 1872.—Brand Stakes, for four year olds; two mile heats; $20 entrance, play or pay, with $250 added by Mr. A. H. Brand; closed with nine nominations: value of stake, $700.

A. Buford entered b f Hollywood, by Lexington, dam Miriam, by imp. Glencoe; 101lbs..... 1 1
W. Cottrill entered ch f Sauceboy, by Star Davis, dam Skeddaddle, by imp. Yorkshire; 101lbs..... 2 2
John Harper entered ch c Empress, by Enquirer, dam Nanturs, by Brawner's Eclipse; 104lbs..... 3 3

Time, 3:41¾; 3:39¼.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year olds; a dash of a mile and a half; $300 entrance, $100 forfeit, with $300 added by the club; closed with nine nominations; value of the stakes, $2,000.

Ward & Boyd entered b f Planetarium, by Planet, dam Mollie Hambleton, by imp. Knight of St. George; 87lbs..... 1
Robinson & Morgan entered br c Bazaloe, by Asteroid, dam Laura White, by imp. Glencoe; 90lbs..... 2
A. Buford entered ch f Malita, by Marion, dam by Revenue; 87lbs..... 4

Time, 2:44.

SECOND DAY, May 14.—Phœnix Hotel Stakes; mile heats, for three-year-olds; $50 entrance, play or pay; with $200 added by the club. Closed with nine nominations. Value of stakes, $700.

Ward & Boyd entered b f Planetarium, by Planet, dam Mollie Hambleton, by imp. Knight of St. George; 87lbs..... 1
J. F. Robinson, Jr., entered ch f Florence I., by imp. Australian, dam Charlotte Buford, by Lexington, 87 lbs..... 2 2
A. Keene Richards entered b c Spendthrift, by Australian, dam by imp. Knight of St. George, dam by Ringold, 90 lbs..... dis.

Time, 1:45; 1:46¾.

SAME DAY.—Club Purse, $150, for all ages; dash of a mile and a quarter.

W. Stanhope entered b c Frogtown, 4 years old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Ada Cheatham, 104 lbs..... 1
A. Keene Richards entered — c Spendthrift, 4 years old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam by Wagner, 104 lbs..... 2
B. T. Thomas entered ch f Mollie Cad, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam imp. Weatherwitch, 101 lbs..... 3
J. W. Hart entered ch f Minnie Lee, 4 years old, by Neil Robinson, dam Cora Lee, 101 lbs..... 0
S. B. Wallace entered ch f May Viley, 4 years old, by imp. Knight of St. George, dam Evergreen, 101 lbs..... 0
Hart Gibson entered Oceanica, 4 years old, by imp. Australian, dam by Lexington..... 0
Hunt Reynolds entered br f Elsie, 4 years old, by imp. Leamington, dam imp. Bapta, 101 lbs..... 0

Time, 2:09¼.

THIRD DAY, May 15th.—Purse, $400, for all ages; two mile heats.

J. Harper entered b h Lyttleton, 5 years old, by imp. Leamington, dam Fanny Holton, 110 lbs..... 1 1
Owners entered gr c Hildrick, by Lightning, dam sister to Eurlc..... 2 2

Time, 3:37; 3:49¾.

SAME DAY.—Club Purse, $300, for all ages; dash one and a half miles.

J. Harper entered br h Longfellow, 5 years old, by imp. Leamington, dam Nantura, 110 lbs..... 1
J. Hunt Reynolds entered ch m Metella, 5 years old, by imp. Australian, dam La Grand Duchesse, 107 lbs..... 2
Major Thomas entered b m Aurecia, 5 years old, by War Dance, dam Dixie, 107 lbs..... 3

Time, 2:41¾.

FOURTH DAY, May 16th.—Clay Stakes, for three year olds; mile heats; $50 entrance, play or pay, with $250 added by John M. Clay; closed with sixteen nominations. Value of stakes, $1,050.

C. C. Morgan and J. F. Robinson entered br c Bazaine, by Asteroid, dam Laura White, by imp. Glencoe, 91 lbs..... 1 1
T. P. Huffman entered b c Logan Bruce, by Lee Paul, dam by Joe Stoner, 90 lbs..... 2 2
H. P. McGrath entered b f Jury, by Lexington, dam Roxana, by imp. Chesterfield, 87 lbs..... 5 3
A. Buford entered b c Bombshell, by Marion, dam imp. Fleeting Moments, 90 lbs..... 4 4
Hart Gibson entered ch c Hartland, by imp. Australian, dam by imp. Yorkshire, 90 lbs..... 6 5
J. Harper entered ch f by Endorser, dam Nantura, by Brawner's Eclipse, 87 lbs..... 3 6

Time, 1:46¾; 1:47.

SAME DAY.—Purse $250, for all ages; dash one and three-fourths of a mile.

W. Stanhope entered b c Frogtown, 4 yrs old, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Ada Cheatham, 104 lbs..... 1
Major Thomas entered b f Zalaria, 4 yrs old, by imp. Australian, dam Lady Taylor, 101 lbs..... 2
J. A. Grinstead entered ch f ——, 4 yrs old, by War Dance, dam the dam of Optimist, 101 lbs..... 3
A. Keene Richards entered — c Spendthrift, 4 yrs old, by imp, Bonnie Scotland, dam by Wagner, 104 lbs..... 0
Ward entered Mundane..... 0

Time, 3:07.

FIFTH DAY, May 17th.—Club Purse, $200, for all ages; mile heats, two in three.

J. W. Hunt Reynold entered ch f Elsie, 3 yrs old, by Bonnie Scotland, dam La Grande Duchesse, 87 lbs..... 1 1
B. G. Thomas entered ch f Mollie Cad, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam imp. Weatherwitch, 101 lbs..... 2 2
J. McIntyre entered ch c ——, 4 yrs old, by Tipperary, dam by Knight of St. George, 104 lbs..... 3 dis
H. P. McGrath entered br c John Doe, 3 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Lucy Fowler, by imp. Albion, 90 lbs..... dis.
G. W. Downing entered ch f Sunflower, 3 yrs old, by Magnadam by Revel, 87 lbs..... dis.

Time, 1:54¾; 1:57¾.

SAME DAY.—Selling Race.—Club purse, $150; a dash of a mile and a quarter; horses entered to be sold for $1,500 to carry proper weights; if to be sold for $1,000, allowed five pounds; for $750, allowed seven pounds; for $500, allowed ten pounds; surplus over to go to the club.

J. F. Robinson entered ch f Florence I, 3 yrs old, by imp. Australian, dam Charlotte Buford, by Lexington; $750; 90lbs..... 1
A. Keene Richards entered ch c Spendthrift, 3 yrs old, by Bonnie Scotland, dam by Wagner; $1,500; 90lbs..... 2
J. McIntyre entered b g ——, 4 yrs old, by Norton, dam by Wagner; $500; 91lbs..... 3
A. B. Wallace entered ch f May Viley, 4 yrs old, by Doneraile, dam Capitola; $500; 91lbs..... 0
W. Stanhope entered c Mephisto, 3 yrs old, by Ulverton, dam Kate McDonald; $1,000; 89lbs..... 0
W. Stanhope entered b f Moselle, 4 yrs old, by Asteroid, dam Lulu Horton, by imp. Albion; $750; 94lbs..... 0
J. Hunt Reynold entered b h King Bernadotte, 5 yrs old, by Melbourne, dam by imp. Scythian; $500; 100lbs..... 0
J. W. Hart entered ch f Minnie Lee, 4 yrs old, by Neil Robinson, dam Cora Lee; $750; 94lbs..... 0

Time, 2:23¾.

A summary of the sixth and final day's racing will be found upon one of our inside pages.

TROTTING AT FLEETWOOD.

Several trials of speed of trotting stock occurred at this Westchester Co. track, located at Morrisania, N. Y., last week, of which we append the summaries:—

MONDAY, May 13th.—Sweepstakes, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

F. W. Hurtt entered b g Frank..... 2 1 1 1
A. S. Odell entered b g Flower Boy..... 1 2 2
G. W. Glaze entered b m Dolly Varden..... Dis.
E. Odell entered b g Joe..... Dis.

Time, 3:06; 3:07; 3:19; 3:10.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

W. Weeks entered b m Belle Jones..... 1 1 1
P. Manee entered s m Fuzzy..... 2 2 2 2
B. O'Rourk entered g g Joe Hoxie..... Dis.
A. S. Odell entered b g Dandy..... Dr.

Time, 2:55; 2:54½; 2:55; 2:58; 2:54¾.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Ed. Odell entered b g George M. Patchen..... 1 3 1 1
P. Manee entered blk g Ithaca..... 3 1 3 2
A. S. Odell entered blk m Teaser..... 2 2 2 3

Time, 3:10; 2:58; 3:07¼; 3:03¾.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Ed. Odell entered b g Harlan..... 3 1 1 1
John Murphy entered b m Kate..... 1 2 3 2
A. S. Odell entered g g Star Henry..... 2 3 2 3

Time, 2:47; 2:43¾; 2:46¾; 2:47¾.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes, $250, mile heats, to road wagons.

Owner entered b h Capt. David..... 1 1
F. Sherwood entered Tom Wonder..... 2 2
D. Babcock entered b m Polly..... Dis.

Time, 2:58; 2:55.

TUESDAY, May 14.—Match, $500; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

D. Pfifer entered ch m Grace Bertram..... 1 1 1
D. Mace entered b m Topsy..... 2 2 2

Time.	*Quarter.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*	*Time.*	*Quarter.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*
1st heat	..0:37	1:15	2:30¾	3d heat	..0:37¾	1:13¾	2:33
2d heat	..0:37	1:14	2:33				

WEDNESDAY, May 15.—Sweepstakes $300, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to road wagons.

J. Dwyer entered s g Revenue..... 2 1 1 1
J. Pangburn entered b g Star..... 1 2 2 3
Mr. Dickons entered b m Ice Cream..... 3 3 3 2

Time, 3:06; 2:58; 3:04; 2:57.

SAME DAY.—Match $500, mile heats, best 3 in 5 to wagons.

D. Mace entered b m Lady Lovell..... 1 1 1
M. Roden entered b m Butcher Girl..... 2 2 2

Time, 3:06; 2:55.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes $400, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Mr. Valentine entered br g Brown Dick..... 2 1 2 1 1
Mr. Sullivan entered g g Teaser..... 1 2 1 2 2
Dr. Bell entered b m Lady Bell..... distanced.

Time, 2:59; 2:52¾; 2:54; 2:53; 2:53.

Trot of 1871 Finished in 1872.

On September 18th, of last year, a trot for a purse of $2,000 for horses that had beaten 2:28 was commenced on this track, for which twelve horses started, but Dresden was distanced in the first heat, leaving eleven to still further contend. Charley Green won the first and second heats, and Medoc the third, but on the fourth heat the horses, after having been started, and when near the half mile pole, were called back by ringing the bell, when all except Charley Green and Coleman refused to start the heat, the latter coming in first by a length, and his driver claimed it, but it was decided by the two judges in the stand, the third having left in disgust, as the original race was then withdrawn, and Medoc won the next heat, when a postponement was ordered till next day, when four more heats were trotted, and Young Bruno was pronounced winner. This led to a protest, and the case was referred to the trotting turf Court of Appeals, when they rendered a decision as follows:—

We hold, therefore, that the original race has not been finished; and we order that said race be resumed at said Fleetwood Park, at three o'clock P. M., on the first good day and track after the 15th day of May next ensuing, and that said race be trotted out between the horses which were entitled to start in said fourth heat, or between such of said horses as shall be present to start again; and when said race shall be resumed that the record of said Association shall stand and apply as to said first three heats already trotted, and that the other heats assumed to belong to this class and put down in said record, be excluded from consideration in deciding said race, and that said record be corrected by putting down said fourth heat and counting the same as a heat won by James H. Coleman, with Charley Green second therein, and by placing the other horses therein in such subordinate positions as shall be determined by drawing and allotment to be made by the judges who shall be appointed by the Fleetwood Association to preside over the conclusion of the race.

We further hold:—That, for the determination of pools and bets which may be pending, said original race stands on the footing of a "race postponed," which is provided for in betting rule No. 2. And if any of the parties to the original race have received any part of the original purse, they must restore the same at once to the Fleetwood Association."

On Thursday, the 16th inst., therefore, seven of the eleven horses came to the start, viz., Susie, Sea Foam, Dreadnaught, Lady Augusta, Medoc, James H. Coleman and Charley Green. Mr. Harker, the owner of Bruno, declined to let his horse start, on the ground that the judges having once decided in favor of Bruno, the Court of Appeals had no further jurisdiction. There was quite a numerous attendance to witness the closing scenes on the 16th, when four exciting heats were trotted, viz., the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, which resulted in Susie's victory, and winning of $1,500 of the purse, as below recorded:—

MONDAY, September 18th, 1871, and Thursday, May 16th, 1872.—Purse No. 4, $2,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:28; $1,300 to the first, $500 to the second, and $200 to third horse; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Tom Carpenter entered s m Susie	4	9	2	3	1	2	3	2	1
John Murphy entered ch g Charley Green	1	3	3	2	2	1	2	3	2
Ben Mace entered w g Medoc	5	2	1	1	3	5	5	4	6
M. Roden entered b g James H. Coleman	6	4	5	4	4	3	4	5	3
T. L. Dey entered br m Lady Augusta	3	6	7	5	5	6	6	6	4
A. Patterson entered ch g Dreadnaught	7	5	6	6	6	4	1	1	5
J. J. Bowen entered gr m Sea Foam	11	7	8	7	7	7	7	7	
G. F. Carpenter entered b m Lady Rose	8	8	9	8	dr.				
M. Carroll entered b g Bet Star	9	10	10	9	dr.				
John Lovett entered br g Young Bruno	10	10	10	10	dr.				
S. McLaughlin entered b m Mary	8	11	dis.						
Jas. Rafters entered b g Dresden	12	dis.							

Time.	*Quarter.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*	*Time.*	*Quarter.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*
1st heat	..0:37	1:15½	2:28½	5th heat	..0:36½	1:12½	2:28½
2d heat	..0:37	1:15½	2:28½	6th heat	..0:37½	1:13½	2:28½
3d heat	..0:37¾	1:15½	2:28½	7th heat	..0:36½	1:12½	2:28½
4th heat	—			8th heat	..0:37½	1:13	2:31

* The time not to be recorded.

This race has created intense interest in trotting circles, and is likely to lead to still further action in the courts of law. After the race in 1871, the case was brought before the Board of Appeals in December last, at their regular meeting in this city, when a decision was rendered and published that all the horses except Coleman, Medoc and Charley Green were distanced for not going over the course, and that the race lay solely between the three horses named, and ordered them to resume the unfinished contest on the first good day and track after the 15th of May following. Two weeks afterwards, at a meeting held in Providence, R. I., the same board stultified itself by promulgating another and totally opposite decision as above, to the effect that all the horses should start again on the above named day. The necessary result of this adjudication was to make the previous race void, and that the purse was to be given up to the association by the owner of Young Bruno, while all bets and pools were to be repaid by those who had received the money, and then await the result of the deciding race. Of course this was utterly impracticable and made the unfortunate pool-seller responsible for thousands of dollars in plain violation of the rule which declares a poolseller, who has paid pools and bets in accordance with the judges' decision, no longer accountable. It now remains to be seen what action will be taken in this doubly embarrassed case. Mr. Harker, the owner of Young Bruno, says that the judges declared his horse the winner and paid him over the money accordingly, and that he will not return it, as he denies the right of the Board of Appeals to interfere in the matter. The winners of pools on Young Bruno refuse to return the money they won, and altogether the Board of Appeals and the judges would seem to have made an inextricable mess of the entire race.

THE GREAT NORTHERN HANDICAP.

This great race, chief in interest of those on the programme for the York, Eng., Spring Meeting, was decided on May 14th, in presence of a meagre gathering of spectators compared with previous years. It was won by Merry's chestnut colt, Freeman, which was backed at 4 to 1, Agility being the favorite in the betting, while Dr. Temple rated at the same figures as the winner. During the race Mr. Caush's bay colt, West Derby, fell, breaking his thigh, and was shot directly afterwards. Summary:—

THE GREAT NORTHERN HANDICAP of 200 sovs. in specie, added to a sweepstake of 20 sovs. each, 10 forfeit, and only 5 if declared by noon on Tuesday, April 30th; winners extra; the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes. Closed with 31 subscribers, of whom 22 paid 5 sovs. each. A dash of two miles.

Mr. Merry entered ch c Freeman, 3 years old, by Kettledrum, Mary, 84 lbs..... 1
Mr. Launde entered b m Agility, 5 years old, by Adventurer, Dam Moselle, by Rataplan, 121 lbs..... 2
P. J. Jackson entered b c Dr. Temple, 4 years old, by Newminster, dam Merry Wing, by Birdcatcher, out of Sweetheart..3

TROTTING AT PROSPECT PARK COURSE.

On Monday, 13th inst., Hiram Howes' b g Clambake, and S. S. Sammis' sorrel gelding Billy, the former to wagon, and the latter in harness, trotted a match for $250, mile heats, best 3 in 5. These horses are old opponents, having trotted a great many races with each other. On this occasion, Clambake won easily in three straight heats. Summary:—

PROSPECT PARK COURSE, May 13th.—Match $250, mile heats, best three in five.

H. Howes entered b g Clambake..... 1 1 1
L. S. Sammis entered s g Billy..... 2 2 2

Time, 2:35¾; 2:50¾; 2:49¾.

A KENTUCKY TURFMAN'S BARBECUE.—Every year on the Sunday preceding the Lexington Race Meeting, the distinguished Kentucky turfman, Mr. Henry Price McGrath, entertains his friends and the leading racing men who then and there are assembled from all parts of the states with a monster barbecue, and the princely hospitality of Kentucky is enjoyed in its highest perfection. McGrathiana, as the magnificent plantation of the genial proprietor is named, is about three miles from Lexington, and comprises about 500 acres of the most picturesquely diversified land in all Kentucky. The elegant mansion stands in the heart of the estate, well shaded by cooling locust trees, amid a noble expanse of beautiful undulating blue grass pasturage, interspersed with numerous clean, whitewashed stables, the homes of the thoroughbreds bred and trained here. On the 12th inst. the annual gathering took place, and among the guests were the following well known turfmen:—Judge Grinstead, of Lexington, who bred and owned Alroy, Abdelkader and other famous racers; Richard Ten Broeck, of Louisville, who formerly owned the renowned Lexington; MAJOR B. G. THOMAS, the former owner of Herzog; Gen. A. Buford, who boasts the possession of Enquirer and many other good ones; A. Keene Richards, known and esteemed by every American turfman; Hon. Zeb. Ward, a veteran owner of thoroughbreds; Col. Chambers, Gen. Basil Duke, K. C. Barker, of Detroit, the owner of Ericson; Ex-Gov. Robertson, Capt. O. P. Beard, Gen. John C. Breckenridge, Col. Morgan, Gen. Preston, Capt. J. Smith, A. H. Ward, of Louisville; John McKinney and Billy Lewis, of Cincinnati, etc. Hogs, sheep, oxen and squirrels by the dozen were roasted entire, and the "burgoo" soup, a luxury peculiar to Kentucky, composed of all kinds of meat and every description of indigenous vegetable, which prefaced the banquet, was heartily enjoyed by the guests. Liquors of every kind were furnished in abundance.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

HERR H. MEYER.—Accept our hearty thanks for the photo.; also for the enclosed problems, which are valuable acquisitions. We very gladly forward the note to its destination.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

☞ We have no traveling agents, either general or otherwise, and any persons so representing themselves are acting fraudulently. All our regular correspondents are supplied with credentials, and we particularly request that no attention be paid to persons presenting their private cards with the words "Correspondent of the New York Clipper" attached, as they have no authority therefor.

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☞ A stamped envelope, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Athins, Lou
Alexandra, Ada
Baker, Sarah A.
Bailey, Hannah E.
Burchs, Blanche (2)
Birch, Hannah
Banker, Jennie
Brabaree, Lotta (3)
Conwell, Katie
Cameron, Victoria
Carmella, Mlle
Cogswell, Annie
De Vee, Mollie
De Lisle, Maude
Dubois, Nina
Davies, Mrs. H. D.
Edwards, Nellie
Ellis, Hattie
Ella, Mlle
Enderson, Nettie
Elmore, Annie
Florence, Mrs. Geo.
Freeman Sisters
Fontainebleau, Mlle
Gray, Mrs. Geo. O.
Hyams, Jennie
Howard, Adah
Hunting, Clarissa
Heathcote, Kate
Hunt, Fanny
Irma, Mlle
La Verd, Mrs.
Lee, Jennie
Leroy, Lizzie
Manley, Charlotte
Marsh, Emma
McLear, Mrs. Frank
Morton, Jennie
Neville, Emma (2)
Nugent, Mrs. J. F.
O'Connor, Miss
Osborn, Lizzie
Peak, Sallie
Palmer, Laura
Riddell, Lisle
Rabineaux, Augusta
Reed, Florence (3)
Rignold, Jane
Seamon, Minnie
Stanwood, Nellie
St. Clair, Jennie
Taylor, Nellie
Truman, Miss F.
Troy, Cassie
Tiffany, Annie Ward
Villa, Mrs. F. B.
Wells, Minnie Bee.
Wood, Rosina D.
Wesner, Emma
Woodruff, Mary
Weems, Allie (2)
Washburn, Emma (2)
Williams, Mrs. Jno. L.
Wilkins, Nellie E.
Wright, Mary G.
Zulelka, Mad.
Zitella, Mad.

GENTLEMENS LIST.

Arthur, Fred. E.
Abbott, Chas. (2)
Allyne, E. J.
Allen, Johnny
Allen, M. C.
Byron, O. Doug
Briner, Martin
Birch, Barkus & Co.
Bidaux, Gustave (3)
Burt, C. H. (2)
Conger, C. (2)
Cobb, Frederick
Conroy, Tom
Carroll, Lawrence
Benedict, Jr., Joshua
Candmann, Dan'l R.
Brown, Harry
Case, Edgar
Sackenstine, E.
Berger, Fred. G. T.
Bingham, J.
Barry, Jr., Frank (3)
Benoit, O.
Ballard, J. T.
Burdett, S. H.
Beatty, Wm.
Banks, Billy
Beckholts, Richard
Chanfrau, Frank S.
Collins, T. H.
Cole, Sam
Caldwell, C. W.
Crawford, Edw'd
Collier, Oliver
Castelucci
Cox & Co.'s Museum
Chapman, Geo.
Chapman, Geo. W.
Carpenter, Wick
Cook, Leo. H.
Dietrich, Chas.
Donalie, Geo. L.
Dunnie, J. F.
Dewhurst, Edwin
De Haven, Charlie
Demott, Jas.
Dwight, D. S.
Diamond, Frank
De Lisle
Doherty, H. G.
Emsly, J. A.
Forbes, Chas.
Fenton, Chas.
Fox, Billy
Fitzgerald, Rich'd
Farrand, Sig.
Graham, Sam
Gibbs, Chas. L.
Gates, Wm.
Gallagher, Jos.
Gaston, Albert
Gregory, Chas. P.
Garland, Low
Goss, Ned
Howard, Charley
Huntley, W. A.
Hart, Harry
Harrigan & Hart
Healy, J. R.
Hendrick, Fred.
Handel, Prof.
Hasbrouck, Fred.
Hallock, Chas.
Hawley, John
Herbert, Fred.
Haight, Robt. H.
Hall, Wm. G.
Hilton, Wm.
Hanley, W. W.
Jones, Arnold (3)
Jack, John H.
Joell, J. J.
Jones, G. W.
Jones, T. V.
Kane, Wm. H.
Kotelgues, Geo.
Kendall, H. P. (2)
Ketchum, Geo. F.
Keane, Jule
Keeler, Sam'l C. (3)
Kendall, E. P.
Leslie, John
Lauri, Harry (2)
Le Clair, Fred.
Little, Rich'd D.
Lingard, Wm. H.
Lubb, Fred.
Lavarde, Martinhe
lie.
Manning, Billy (2)
Maynard, Thos.
Morton, Wm.
Miller, Theo. H.
Myers, O. F.
Mitchell, Jno.
McCrillis, F. J.
Murray, Geo. W.
Mahin, A. W.
Martin, Wm. D. (2)
Maurer, Wm. D.
Morton, John
Mac Evoy, Chas.
Melville, Wm.
Mullaly, Billy
Moen, W. J.
Murphy, Con T.
Nixon, Tom
McDonald, Charlie
Nash, J.
Masterson, P.
Norris, Geo. S.
Newcomb, Bobby
North, F.
Osborn & Reardon, Prof. M.
O'Neil, John H.
Ogden, Wm. A.
Oaks, D. Dave
Phillips, Sam'l
Plunkett, Jr., Chas.
Poe, Edw'd C.
Palmer, Wm.
Pardy, Herbert C.
Pond, Wm.
Pisto (3)
Pelanto
Primrose, Geo.
Pullen, Sebastian
Pulliam, Achille
Pratt, F. C.
Quinn, Jos.
Robinson, Gill
Richards, Warren
Robinson, Jas. S. Sc.
Roberts, H.
Richards, Wm.
Rogers, Neil
Rigby, Walter
Rosenfeld, W. J.
Rogers, Stephen
Rushby, Horace
Rubini, Sig. (3)
Ruby, J.
Schmidt, Adolph
Simon & Kendall
Stutz
Stansill, J. C.
Stetson, T. E.
Street, W. Lansing
Sharpe, D. J.
Stevens, C.
Subers, H.
Sheridan, Thomas
Spaulding, W. P.
Saynor, Harry
Smith, Jas. H.
Stetson, Harry R.
Taylor, Chas. W.
Tyler, Geo. E.
Thorne, C.
Thrasher, E. L.
Villa, S. E.
Victorelli, H.
Wilder, Frank M.
Wilson, Jas.
Warren, Rich'd
Washburn, E. S.
Williams, Gus
Ward, J.
Wheelock, Jos.
Wadsworth, A. J
Williams, Jos.
Willis, Rich'd
Wagner, Cal
Williams, H. A. B.
Wood, John H.
Wilcox, John D.
Williams, Jesse
Young, Chas. W.
Young, Jr., Sol
Zabriskie, Jas.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, May 20th, '72.

Although the evenings of the past week were cool and pleasant, yet indoor amusements were not very liberally attended. This may be accounted for from the fact that we have reached that period when preparations are being made for the usual exodus to the summer resorts and dressmakers and milliners are looked upon as more necessary evils than those who act upon the mimic stage. The hot spell we had a couple of weeks ago was the keynote for the annual migration, and Saratoga trunks were strewn down from their hiding places, cleaned out and fumigated, and the old traps of now past season renovated and made over for the term we are about entering upon. We cannot reasonably look for lively times in theatrical circles during the hot weather, yet quite a number of our theatres will give summer season on the half shell, and manage, perhaps, to eke out expenses and thus give employment to quite a number of deserving and industrious people.....And talking about summery weather and things "Our Jim" is in receipt of a note from a son of Thespis now traveling "away down South in Dixie," in which the noble writer informs the boy that he is revelling in strawberries and cream and all the delicacies of the season, which has had the effect to make James greatly dissatisfied with his city lot, and to create a hankering for a friendly trip to the "sunny south." The writer of that note says further, that in his wanderings among the bushes he has discovered that the strawberry season is good for the fostering of vocal music, because there's hardly ever a party out but there's a quartet or full quartette among them. The gluttonous boy responds by saying that if *he* was down among the *bads* he'd *feather* his nest, and show them how to *get up a full* chorus.....Now that General Greeley is looming up so prominently as a presidential candidate, we are daily in the receipt of letters asking all sorts of questions about the farmer's boy. One ignorant and depraved wretch writes to know how long ago it was that Horace Greeley walked across the Niagara river on a rope and carried a man and a dog on his back? This is fame, with a vengeance. Our correspondent has evidently mixed up Greeley and Blondin together. It is enough to say that although General Greeley goes astride of a loose fence occasionally, he never ventures upon the *tide* (tight) rope. Another party, groping has recently been dug up somewhere in California. This time it's an eight-year old boy, who recites all of Shakespeare's plays, from beginning to end and yet he cannot bear to rob the Golden State of its well-earned laurels and bays, yet we think this little boy is a put up job, a juvenile fraud, like the well-known youth who was born without a shirt, and exhibited through the country as a *natural* curiosity.....And then there's another horrible story comes to us by way of York, Pa., which declares that one of Barnum's Fiji cannibals, now traveling with his great caravan, died in that place one day during the week. The deceased man eater was laid out in a decent, corpse-like manner, the same as any other human being, and then shut up in a room preparatory to being planted, as it were. When the undertaker and his accessories after the hat went to secure their booty, great was their horror in discovering that the cannibals, the Nee chaps, just in the act of eating their late departed, had devoured more than about to swallow him raw, like an oyster. When these alleged man eaters were driven from their lunch, they are said to have cursed and swore in just as good English as Horace Greeley makes use of when he becomes profane. Now there will be thousands and thousands of civilized beings who will pay their half a dollar just to see these cannibals who eat deceased colored people, but it is mind that this yarn originated in York, Pennsylvania, and when you go to York, give it a wide berth.....Speaking of eats, calls to mind a very silly remark made by "Our Jim" last Saturday. Somebody had given him a ripe banana, and after the boy had devoured it, he said, in all seriousness—"The bananas—a body can eat 'em as they ought to, when no body sees 'em." .....Did you ever play? No, not on the banjo, but on the stage; play as an actor. Well, if you didn't you needn't want to, as we're going to tell you, even if it will be a first appearance. You've tried it once, you say, but it will be the last lingering trial spark, and so forth, shall roll down the dizzy slope of time, and earth and its inhabitants shall be swallowed up like a fried clam. Tell you how it was—the boys called us Ned Forrest, and said we were bound to make our mark; so we learned Richard Third by heart, and came out as an actor. It was not a good season for actors, and when we appeared before the footlights, we were so frightened that never a word of the role could we remember, and how we stood, "scarce half made up," and then our *friends*, the boys, began to giggle; then the chaps that were *not* our friends, began to laugh right out; then the prompter tried to give us a boost, but we stuck like a bit of putty; and then carrots, and cabbages, and tomatoes, and old boots, and things were shied at us, and we were borne off the stage by two supes who were to have been our army. We have never tried it on again. Women have tried it bad, too, when *they* go on for the first time, but if they happen to be pretty they get the sympathy of the audience, and be they never so bad, it is seldom that they are driven off with unwholesome eggs and things. We'll compose some very clever lines about

THE DEBUTANTE.

Dead gentle reader, the timorous maid,
For who may guess how much of fate
Is centred in that lady's essay,
With bated breath the public wait,
And critics stern in silent row
Sit, half expectant of a fall;
The whistle sounds, the moment's bare,
Again we hear the prompter's call.
There's a moment's respite in the play,
An uproar loud of clamorous hands,
And there, half swaying to the lights,
The heroine of the evening stands.
"Pretty, bewitching, what a grace!"
One hears the candid gamers say;
"Too short, too tall, lacks action, see,
Too plump—not frame'd for such a play."
The main bye part; a few low words,
A look, a gesture, and again
The applause that upward swells
Shows that the effort was not vain.

.....Curiosities are being hove up from the vasty deep like anything. We learn that a couple of grey seals have lately been added to the collection in the London Zoological Garden. The most curious part of it is that these seals came from Walrus!!! We have plenty of green seal in New York, but none of the grey pattern.....Josh Hart promises to show us, next week, "Chicago, before and after the fire;" and to give due effect to this red hot play, Charles R. Thorne, Jr., and others have been engaged for the principal parts; yet we are left in the dark as to who is to act Mrs. Malony's cow, without which the new drama would be like "Hamlet" with the principal character omitted. By all means let us see the celebrated cow.....It will be difficult to draw the line between artists and common people after a while. "Our Jim" has a broken-Dutch friend, and this German youth claims to be an *artist* in wood, because he dresses lager, and Jim encourages him in it, because by doing so he "lays him in his little bier."

.....There is an exhibition somewhere up Broadway a tree or something which only requires one in a hundred years, the man says. This is evidently an old "plant," and before we can believe in it, we want to see the man who was there when it *last* blossomed, supposed to have been in Florida somewhere.....These gentlemen who occupy the *stalls* at the Union Square Theatre will soon have a chance to take in their "little *Oates*."..... It is reported that the immense Irish *Cannon*, now at Tony Pastor's, will *go off* soon. No other paper has the news.....If you want to see the *straws* *waltz* just indulge in a few sherry cobblers.....Fanny *Herring* is the Polo star attraction at the Old Bowery. Although a long time before the public she is a *fresh Herring* still.....The foregoing little bits are supposed to be of a funny character, and though it is our custom to point out more clearly wherein the joke lies, we have concluded, for this time only, to let them speak for themselves.....A dinner was lately given in this city to seventy-five *tonsorial* ladies and gentlemen, the floral decorations for which cost $3,000. So we are told. Nothing is said about the victuals, however, from which we are led to infer that the guests were fed on cauli-*flowers and greens*..... We like to see *skating* going on at the theatres in hot weather; it gives such an air of *coolness* to the surroundings, and prevents that *ice so late* feeling of thirstiness so common in places of amusement where drinking fountains are not filled up until the show is over..... "Our Jim" cannot understand why they are making such a fuss about Alabama claims. "*He* does'nt want anything better than them what grows at Coney Island." James thinks more about provender than diplomacy..... Isn't it about time that some of our circuses let loose another lion in the streets? We don't believe that there has been a man chawed up by a ferocious beast of any kind for three weeks. This quiet state of things is becoming monotonous. What's the elephant Romeo about that he isn't smashing things? We are starving for a sensation of some sort.....Did you ever hear the Martens sing their cat duet? No? Well, it's the funniest thing out. Go to the Olympic and hear them, and if you don't split your crazy old jaw a laughing at them, then blame us. Why, you'll fancy that you are just getting into a doze, and that two real live cat prostitutes are tormenting you by their caterwaulings on the back shed. It's *awful* funny to see these warbling *Martins* turned into seductive *cats*.....Johnny Thompson is at Wood's Museum, performing "On *Hand;* or True to the *Last*." Wouldn't it be more appropriate to call it "On *Foot* ?" .....We are coming to it. At Lina Edwin's Theatre, last (Sunday) evening, our German fellow citizens announced a *sacred concert* and *theatrical performance*. We do not believe that the whole of New York are ripe enough yet for anything of this kind.....Now York is as much as was left of it, is beginning, like the fabulous bird of Chicago, to "rise from its ashes." The "poor players" and attaches who suffered by the conflagration have not benefitted much by the benefits given in their behalf, and it is not quite so easy for them to rise from their hashes, seeing that there is but little left. Cheeta to rise from..... *Jubilate!* and Eureka! You can get a season ticket for the Boston Jubilee for fifty dollars! and not be *compelled* to attend every day, either. Five dollars will pay for a *sing*-le dose of Gilmore's threatened sound and fury..... Quite a number of managers and performers have already gone to Europe, and others are preparing to follow; but these people do not intend to stay there. Oh, no; there's too much money at this end of the line to warrant their remaining abroad longer than the close of the summer. America is a pretty rich field to operate in, and good talent will always find its reward here; but mediocre performers had better not venture across "the broad expanse of ocean" unless they come on a "pleasure excursion." And *good* performers must give us something fresh, or they will not find their travels in America so remunerative as they anticipate.

City Summary.

"Article 47" continued to attract a good attendance to the Fifth Avenue Theatre during the past week. Miss Clara Morris, on the occasion of her annual benefit on Wednesday evening, was enthusiastically applauded by an audience which filled the theatre in every part, while a rousing benefit to secure even standing room. A worthy tribute to the talent of a deserving artist.

Miss Marietta Ravel commenced the second week of in a drama which had such success on May 13th, setting John De Bonay, entitled "Jartine, the Pride of the Market." On the occasion of the first production of this drama at the Bowery Theatre, some months since, we reviewed it at length, and we need now only say, that Miss Ravel's repeated performances therein have given her impersonation a smoothness and finish that it did not at first possess. She impersonates some five distinct characters, and during the first two acts she appears in what are technically called "speaking parts." During the balance of the drama she acts in pantomime, which is graceful and expressive. The members of the stock company were careful and correct, and gave satisfaction in their various roles. "Jartine" was withdrawn after Thursday night, and on Friday evening Miss Ravel, for her benefit, acted in Charles Foster's drama, entitled "Wild Cat; or, a Marriage by Moonlight," which has previously been reviewed in these columns, and with that evening's performances closed her engagement. At the usual *matinee* performances Byron's burlesque extravaganza of "Eily O'Coonor" was acted by the Misses Pauline Markham and Belle Howitt, Mr. Rollin Howard and the members of the stock company, and was preceded by the *petite* comedy, entitled the "Pretty Horsebreaker," with Miss Pauline Markham and T. W. Keene in the chief *roles*. On Saturday afternoon and evening, A. W. Sheldon, low comedian, and James Barnes, stage manager, took a joint benefit, when the following programme was performed:—The farce of "Smith and Brown," A. H. Sheldon acting Timothy Brown, and James Barnes, Jonathan Smith; the burlesque extravaganza entitled "Dick Whittington and His Cat," with Pauline Markham, Belle Howitt, A. H. Sheldon, T. W. Keene and the stock company in the cast. The sensational drama of the Skuttle-Boy of London," with A. H. Sheldon as Sloppy Sam, concluded the performances. The above pieces were interspersed with a double hornpipe by Alice and Lavinia Alberton; Irish songs by Rollin Howard; a recitation by W. J. Fleming, and a Dutch act by Charley Sturges. This evening, May 20th, Johnny Thompson is announced to commence an engagement, acting in "On Hand."

Alzamo Worrell commenced an engagement at the Bowery Theatre on Monday evening, May 13th, in the drama entitled the "Witches of New York," which was continued throughout the week, the *matinees* on Saturday included. It was preceded on the first five evenings of the week by the farce entitled "My Fellow Clerk," and on Saturday evening the farce of "Dodging for a Wife" preceded, and the drama of "Jack Long" succeeded it. This evening, Miss Fanny Herring, a popular actress with the frequenters of that theatre, is to commence a brief engagement.

For the benefit of those persons who have been deprived of employment by the burning of Niblo's Garden, a *matinee* performance is announced to be given at Booth's Theatre on Wednesday, May 22d, when the fourth and fifth acts of the "Stranger," and the third, fourth and fifth acts of "London Assurance" will constitute the programme. The following artists are announced as having volunteered their services, and to appear on that occasion:—Messrs. E. Booth, L. Wallack, J. Brougham, J. B. Polk, Miss P. Mordaunt, Mrs. J. Sefton, R. Pateman, J. W. Horton, J. Rooney, Miss E. Livingston, C. Thorne, Jr., J. Gilbert, J. H. Stoddart, E. M. Holland, Mrs. F. Forster, D. C. Anderson, N. Decker, J. P. Deuel, Miss B. Pateman, Miss M. Young.

Edwin Adams commences an engagement at Booth's Theatre this evening, May 20th, acting in "Enoch Arden." Edwin Booth closed his engagement on May 18th, and "Richard III" was withdrawn at the same time.

The German Liederkranz gave a testimonial concert to Franz Abt, the distinguished composer, at Steinway Hall, on May 18th, when the chorus of that society was assisted by a grand orchestra and the following soloists:—Miss Marie Krebs, piano; Miss Antonie Heune, contralto; Mr. Carl Formes, basso; Mr. Wm. Schmidt, tenor; Senor Savasati, violin, and Mr. H. C. Timm, organ. During the evening several of Franz Abt's latest compositions were given, and he personally conducted a portion of the performances.

The successful run of "Humpty Dumpty" is gradually drawing to a close, and G. L. Fox and all the manifold attractions connected with the pantomime will shortly betake themselves to Boston, Mass. If any there be who have not, as yet, gazed upon the spectacle, let them do so ere it is too late.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels made their first appearance at San Francisco Hall on Monday evening, May 13th. In the first part there were twenty performers on the stage; Sam Sharpley occupied the tambourine end, Jesse Seymour the bone, and Sam W. Lamont was interlocutor; the quartet was composed of Frank Campbell, James W. Lamont, Monroe Dempster and Charles Henry. In the instrumental department there were four violins, one flute, two cornets, orchestral drums, one clarionet, one trombone and a bass viol. The first part was made up of fresh songs, and the witticisms of the end men were entirely fresh and created much laughter. Frank Campbell sang "Dear, Dear Friends of Old," quite acceptably; James W. Lamont's fine bass voice was heard advantageously in "Let All Obey;" Nelse Seymour created much mirth while singing the "Girl with the Dolly Varden On;" Monroe Dempster sang in a pleasing manner "My Star;" Charles Henry, who has been absent for some time from the minstrel stage of this city, sang "Lillie's Good Night," which was warmly received. Sam Sharpley sang, with comical effect, about "Patrolman Sam," and the chorus—"Crowned with Roses"—closed the first part. The olio was opened by Sam Sharpley with a new version of "Jim Crow," which was followed by a double hornpipe by Alice and Lavinia Alberton; Irish songs by Rollin Howard; a recitation by W. J. Fleming, and a Dutch act by Charley Sturges. This evening, May 20th, Johnny Thompson is announced to commence an engagement, acting in "On Hand."

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The last week of the variety season at the Theatre Comique is announced as the present. The theatre will remain closed for one week, and then re-open with a dramatic company which will perform the sensational drama entitled, "Chicago, Before, During and After the Fire," which has been for a long time in preparation. During the past week Miss Dora Dawron, double voiced vocalist; also, Austin and Hess, skaters, were the fresh appearances. Miss Dawron, who has been absent from this city some seven years, was attired in a peculiar costume, so arranged that when standing sideways to the audience, one side appeared in full male costume and the other in female. She sang duets, changing her voice to suit the figure presented to the audience. The two voices were distinctly marked and the vocal efforts were favorably received. Austin and Hess deserve a fair amount of credit for their skating. On Tuesday evening an English gentleman, who was not announced upon the bills, sang two songs, but did not create any enthusiasm. "47 Articles," a burlesque upon "Article 47," opened the evening's entertainments and created considerable mirth. The statue clog dance by the three Devere Brothers was one of the most salient features of the programme, being characterized by excellence of time and graceful poses. This evening, May 20th, Barney Aaron commences an engagement, appearing in a dramatic sketch entitled "Dan Donnelly." On Thursday afternoon he will take a benefit, when John Aaron will perform the character of Cooper.

The Thirty-fourth Street Theatre was opened for a dramatic season, under the management of Sam Ryan, on Saturday evening, May 16th, E. Eddy, the popular tragedian, commencing a star engagement on the same date. The opening bill was "Damon and Pythias" and the "Irish Outlaw," which attracted a fair attendance. As the company was somewhat hastily collected together, and as the undertaking is probably experimental, we need not review their performances as closely as might be expected under other circumstances. Mr. Eddy's performance of Damon was fully up to his usual excellent standard; J. R. Healey met with considerable favor as Pythias; Miss Annie Eberle acted Hermion with care and attention, as may be said of Miss Cassie Troy as Calanthe; George Farren deserves praise for his manly impersonation of Philistus. The balance of the company require no comment. The same bill is announced to be repeated until Wednesday evening, May 22d, when "Katherine and Petruchio" will be acted, in which Miss Henrietta Irving will make her first appearance. *Matinees* are to be given on Wednesday and Saturday, when "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" will constitute the attraction.

Miss Rose Hersee, who created so favorable an impression while in this country with the Parepa-Rosa English Opera Troupe; Mrs. Howard Paul, an excellent actress and vocalist, and Mrs. John Wood have been engaged by Augustin Daly for the next season at the Grand Opera House.

Stuart Robson, comedian and lecturer, arrived in this city from New Orleans, on May 18th, and will shortly lecture in the villa at Cohasset, Mass., where he will pass the summer, dividing his attention between "studies of astronomy and crustacea."

Benson Sherwood, master machinist of the late Niblo's Garden, takes a benefit at the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening, May 23d.

Mrs. James A. Oates' burlesque troupe is to commence a season at the Union Square Theatre on June 3d.

The Parepa German Opera, which collapsed so suddenly at the Stadt Theatre a short time since, is announced to commence a season of three nights at the Academy of Music on May 23d, with Meyerbeer's opera of "Le Prophete."

Mons. La Thorne, the well-known manager and performer, will sail for England on Saturday, June 1st, on the steamer Italy, on an extended tour on the continent of Europe. His many friends purpose chartering a tug to escort him down the bay, and give the Monsieur a good send off. The readers of the Clipper will be apprised from time to time of his movements in the old world.

Mr. Wm. Holston, having concluded his engagement with the Wyndham comedy troupe, and afterwards with Rankin, in St. Louis, returned to this city during the past week, and will leave for England, for the summer, on May 23d, per steamship Erin.

Maud Hamilton, formerly of the Lydia Thompson and Mollie Bennett troupes, will leave for Europe on the 23d inst.

W. E. Davidge is to have a matinee benefit at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on May 20th, when the "Heir at Law" will be acted, with a cast from the Amaranth society (amateur), of Brooklyn, L. I. Miss Davidge, a daughter of the beneficiary, will make her debut as a vocalist on that occasion.

Morris Simmonds, dramatic agent, 639 Broadway, successor to Lowell & Simmonds, inserts in another column a new schedule of charges, and he desires all artists to register their names, stating line of business, salary required, &c. Mr. Simmonds has been appointed sole agent for the sale of rights to produce "Black Friday," and managers are cautioned against producing it without his consent. The Majilton, who will shortly return from California, and Ermine Ventaroli, *premier danseuse*, can be engaged through him. Artists are also wanted for the season of 1872 and '73 at the New Opera House, Rochester, N. Y.

Thomas F. Sully and Master Martin, song and dance performers, left for England on May 18th, under engagement to Moore and Burgess' Royal Christy Minstrels, St. James' Hall, London, after which they will make a tour of the Provinces.

The Vokes close at the Union Square Theatre, June 1st. In connection with the burlesque performances of the Vokes, comedy and farce are given, which help to make an attractive programme

Possess a farewell engagement with Lester Wallack's Veterans, which is to be mounted with new scenery and costumes.....Robert Craig and Lotta met with great success at San Jose, where they appeared on the 14th and 15th.....John McCullough opens here at the Palace of Truth, with the Mallones and Ventnors, is eminently successful at Sacramento. In the cast are Miss Rose Evans, Miss Sophie Edwin, Mr. Owen Marlowe, Mr. E. J. Buckley and Mr. Frank Rea."

THE T. J. HERNDON DRAMATIC COMPANY commence a season of one week's duration at Auburn, N. Y., May 20th.

ADELE WARD TIFFANY can be addressed as per advertisement.

MR. AND MRS. F. M. RAYNE closed an engagement at Salt Lake City, Utah, on May 11th.

MANAGERS desiring to engage Moran & Dixey's Eleventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, Pa., for one or more weeks during the summer, after June 3d, are referred to J. S. Jackson's advertisement.

THE CONDITION of the drama in Chicago is made manifest in the following letter from our regular correspondent, dated May 17th:—"Miss Lillie Eldridge made her second debut to a Chicago audience on the 13th, appearing in the *rôle* of Alma in her new play of that name. The attendance was moderate during her engagement, which closed last evening. In some respects the acting of Miss Eldridge is really good. She possesses a fresh handsome face, of singular sweetness, a voice remarkably rich and sympathetic, and is a fine reader. Frank Evans rendered her excellent support in the *rôle* of Granville De Vigne. Miss Bradshaw appeared to indifferent advantage. The balance of the cast was both good and indifferent. Algernon," a new drama by John M. Morton, of the *New York Times*, was presented, May 16th, for the first time on any stage and acted with the following cast:—

Mignon.....Miss Lillie Eldridge	Prince Frederick.
Lotharic.....Mr. James Pedgel	Mr. Vincent Pritchard
William Meister...Frank Evans	Baron Rosenberg...Mr. M. Wolf
Clarac.....Mr. W. T. Melville	ditto.....Master Eddy
Frederick.....Mr. John Webster	Philina...Miss Blanche Bradshaw
Laertes.....Mr. F. S. Everham	Maddelina...Mrs. M. A. Bradshaw

It is in three acts, and its story may be told as follows:—

The drama opens at a German village, where Clarac, a traveling showman, has opened a booth for his exhibition. The principal attraction is the child Mignon, a dancer, who is assisted by a blind, half-mad old harper, Lotharic, who is passionately devoted to Mignon, because she reminds him of his daughter, formerly stolen from him by the gipsies, in Italy, where he then lived. As Clarac urges the rustics to enter his booth, Philina, a celebrated *prima donna*, then *en route* to Rosenburg Castle, where she was to give an entertainment, accompanied by Laertes, her agent, strolled from the hotel toward the players' booth. Clarac calls Mignon and orders her to dance and she refuses to obey. The mountebank threatens her with his whip, when William Meister rushes in and saves the trembling child from the assault. After a blow he (Meister) strikes her brutal master and purchases her freedom. Mignon falls at his feet and promises to devote her life to him. William becomes acquainted with Philina, and a scene of intense jealousy and dislike to Philina. William accompanies the beautiful fiend to the castle of Rosenburg, where great preparations had been made by the Count or Rosenburg to furnish a splendid musical entertainment to Prince Ferdinand, then his guest. On the way to the castle the merry troupe receives an accession in the person of Frederick, nephew of the Count of Rosenburg, an old adorer of Philina's, and the young man instantly becomes furiously jealous of William Meister. Act second opens at the castle, where the artists are received by their noble hosts. William continues to devote his love to Philina, and Mignon become more jealous, a fact which Philina observes and maliciously aggravates. One scene is in Philina's boudoir, where William listens to her pleading with Laertes in the name of Mignon to sleep while her master pays his amorous court to the coquettish mistress and betrays her passionate suffering by her starts and broken ejaculations. Again Mignon is tortured by her jealousy when she sees William, in the theatre, place the crown of honor, presented by the lord of the castle, on Philina's head. She flies from the castle to an adjoining forest and casts herself on the earth in an ecstasy of suffering. Lotharic, the old blind harper, then enters, and finds her that he had been following in hope to find her again. To his sympathising heart she pours out the whole burden of her woes, and the half mad old man, frenzied by the recital, vails her that he will avenge her, and rushes away. He sets the castle on fire, and after all the other lives have been saved by the efforts of the baron and his retainers it is discovered that Mignon was in the blazing pile, to which she had returned after the interview with Lotharic. William Meister rushes in at the risk of his own saves Mignon's life. Feeling that she was somewhat responsible for the injuries she had suffered, William determines to take her to Italy that she may recover in the land she loves so well. Act third is located at the castle Cipriani in Italy, a palace whose master had deserted it years ago in an agony of madness caused by the death of his wife and the loss or theft of his child by strolling gipsies. Mignon and Lotharic, who had accompanied them on account of his devotion to the sick girl, had stopped here to give Mignon a few days of rest from travel. Madalena, the old housekeeper, tells Lotharic the story of the castle, and when she mentions the name Cipriani, his disordered wits return to him. He remembers his child and the castle and the principal flashes over his mind that perhaps Mignon is his own child. He retires to a room in the castle, dresses himself as becomes his rank and, taking a casket from a drawer, seeks William and Mignon. He welcomes them to the castle as the scene of their grief and commences to question Mignon as to her early remembrances. By certain mementoes and letters in the casket he identifies her as his own daughter. William then brings his wife, Chiara, Ill., on the ground of desertion and incompatibility of temper, and is to marry the young lady of his choice at Hamburg, one of the free cities of Germany. Although the divorce would not be recognized in this state nor in England, we believe the marriage solemnized at Hamburg would be respected in Russia and Continental Europe. Mr. Levy avows his determination never again to reside in England.

THE VIENNA DEMOREST CONCERT TROUPE have recently closed a traveling tour. James M. Wheil, the pianist, sailed for Europe on May 11th. Miss Demorest has been invited to sing at the forthcoming World's Peace Jubilee in Boston, Mass., as one of the solo singers, and C. Amory Bruce has gone to Hudson, Mass., to rusticate for a month.

DELEHANTY, HENGLER AND SPAULDING'S CONSOLIDATION performed at Binghamton, N. Y., May 13th; Owego, 14th; Ithaca, 15th; Waverley, 16th; Towanda, Pa., 17th and 18th, and are billed to perform at Elmira, Port Jervis, Middleton, and will close their season of fifteen weeks at Paterson, N. J., May 26th. They will commence their fall and winter season early in August.

"PICCOLO," flute and alto horn player, who can be addressed care of this office, wants an engagement.

GEO. BAGLEY, flute and piccolo player, advertises that he can be engaged.

BILLY PASTOR advertises that he has for disposal MS. copies of a new comic song entitled "The Girl with the Dory Warden."

HARDING, music publisher, 288 Bowery, N. Y., is continually issuing the latest popular songs at 10 cents a copy, as will be seen by his advertisement.

THE MEMBERS of the Macon, S. C., Band, return thanks, through a card in another column, to Skiff and Gaylord's band for assistance rendered at their concert on May 16th.

E. EHMAN'S BAND, with Delehanty, Hengler, and Spaulding's Consolidation, can be engaged after May 25th, through Col. T. A. Brown.

MLLE. AIMEE and troupe present "La Grande Duchesse" on the 21st, and "La Perichole" on the 22d, at Harrington's Opera House, Providence, R. I.

AIMEE AND HER TROUPE have drawn large audiences all the past week to the St. James Theatre, Boston, Mass., to witness opera bouffe. On Monday, "La Perichole" was given. On Tuesday, "Fleur de Thé" was the attraction. "La Grande Duchesse" was given on Wednesday afternoon, and in the evening "La Belle Helene" was presented. On Thursday was given the only performance of "Barbe Bleue." Friday, for Aimee's benefit, "Les Brigands" was performed. The engagement closed May 18th. The new singer, Mlle. Dubois, made her way as once into favor, and will be warmly greeted if she ever again excellent dramatic reader, while the latter has won considerable distinction on the amateur stage.

AT the Rochester, N. Y., Opera House the "Veteran" is to be the attraction for this week. It will be acted by a New York company.

Musical.

LEVY'S DIVORCE AND INTENDED MARRIAGE.—With regard to the numerous rumors of the forthcoming marriage of Mr. Levy, the cornet *virtuoso*, with a young lady residing in Buffalo, N. Y., we have been at some little trouble to ascertain the following facts:—Mr. Levy some time since brought a divorce suit from his wife, in Chicago, Ill., on the ground of desertion and incompatibility of temper, and is to marry the young lady of his choice at Hamburg, one of the free cities of Germany. Although the divorce would not be recognized in this state nor in England, we believe the marriage solemnized at Hamburg would be respected in Russia and Continental Europe. Mr. Levy avows his determination never again to reside in England.

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THE TREMAINE BROTHERS AND PERSON'S CONCERT COMPANY start on Monday, May 20th, on their seventh annual tour, commencing at Warwick, N. Y.; Port Jervis, 21st; New Milford, Pa., 22d; Montrose, 23d; Waverly, 24th; Horseheads, N. Y., 25th and 27th; thence to Corning, Wellsville and Olean. Discretionary and free.

JAMES W. SHERBURNE, concertist, who traveled for three years with Alf. Burnet, can be engaged for a season. His address is care of this office.

A HAS SINGER is wanted for Hooley's Minstrels. Address as per advertisement.

MISS EMMA CROUCH, soprano, had a complimentary benefit at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 17th, in which she was supported by Miss Josie Jones, contralto, and the Cincinnati Harmonic Society. The Misses Crouch and Jones go to Milan, Italy, in June, to study for professionals.

VICTOR FLETCHER, violinist, gave a concert at Mozedon Hall, Cincinnati. On the 16th, in which he was supported by Miss Anna Dumphy, soprano; A. Newhall, tenor; W. H. Terrell, basso; Louis Ballenberg, flutist; and Professors Andrew and Josephine, pianists.

T. ROSENTHAL, 384 Bowery, N. Y., has just issued a new edition of Strauss' waltzes, gotten up on toned paper from engraved plates.

OLE BULL closed his concert tour at Bridgeport, Conn., May 19th.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y. the Holman Opera Troupe has been holding out. Considering the attractions during the week elsewhere (Dan Bryant's Minstrels, the San Francisco Minstrels, and the Democratic Convention) their business was quite fair. They close their engagement on the 18th inst.

Variety Halls.

THE NEW AMERICAN [VARIETY THEATRE, Wilmington, Del., was opened on May 18th, under the management of James L. Ames. Talent is wanted. See advertisement.

CHAS. H. DUFREZ publishes a card in another column cautioning managers of variety halls or minstrel troupes from using a new act of Frank Dumont's entitled "The Illuminated Infernal Machine."

AT THE NORFOLK, VA., VARIETIES the Misses Laura Bernard, Victoria Howard and Macy Roadcap; also Mr. Joe Mack, were the latest additions to the company.

BUSINESS at Cavanagh's Variety Theatre, Scranton, Pa., has not been over and above good during the past week. Prof. Campbell, ventriloquist, closed his engagement on the 18th, and goes to Detroit, Mich. Bell Gordon and Maggie Mars, who have been there for two months also closed on the 18th. Paddy Rooney, Irish comedian, and Dolly May, vocalist, are to appear on Monday evening, the 20th inst.

Managers desiring to secure Mlle. Geraldine and Geo. Leopold for their *trapeze* business, and a new performance by Geraldine, are referred to their card in another column.

BILLY COLLINS, song and dance artist and Ethiopian comedian, whose address is care of this office, can be engaged after May 25th.

NINA DUBOIS, leading lady and balladist, and Senorita Philomena, song and dance lady, commenced an engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, St. Joseph, Mo., on May 6th.

THE NEW METROPOLITAN THEATRE, at St. Joseph, Mo., was opened for the season on May 11th. There are sixteen private boxes, ranging in price from two to eight dollars; the orchestra will seat one hundred, the dress circle two hundred, and the gallery some four hundred. The company is as follows:—The Misses Nina Dubois, Susie Starr, Philomena, Ella Mortell, Lena Wade, Susie Willis, Messrs. Frank Jones, Johnny Pierce, Eugene Gorman, Ed. Murray, Joe Purdy, Jimmy Carr, and an orchestra and brass band under the leadership of Prof. Craft. The lessee is Harry Spriggs; business manager, T. V. Day. By reference to a card in another column it will be observed that talent is wanted.

MISS LEO GORDON, serio-comic vocalist; Miss Cloetra, sentimental vocalist, and Signor Cassilletti, solo-violinist, are at Valer's Winter Garden, Philadelphia.

MORTIMER'S PHILADELPHIA VARIETIES presented attractions last week to fair audiences, the new appearances being the St. Felix Infant Ballet Troupe, Frank Wood, song and dance man, and Edwin Blanchard, melo-dramatic actor. The great event of the past week was the complimentary benefit to Harry W. Williams, the stage manager, which took place on the 16th inst., when a crowded house testified to the popularity of the *benefactiare*. Mr. Williams was agreeably surprised by the company presenting him with a very handsome gold watch and chain, as a token of their esteem. A neat presentation speech was made by Mr. Joseph M. Mortimer, and Mr. Williams made a most appropriate response thereto. The Misses Lucy Adams, Emilie Sigel, Emma Bruce, and Addie Graham, and James H. Cummings and Fred Siegel, terminated their engagements on the 18th inst. On the 20th inst., Sam DeVere, comedian and banjoist; Laura Bernard and Adele Farran, serio-comic vocalists; and the Misses Helene Smith and Annie St. Clair, *danseuses*, will put in an appearance. A grand complimentary benefit to the proprietor, Joseph M. Mortimer, is announced for the evening of the 30th inst.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Brooklyn, last week did not do very well, in consequence of a failure on the part of the Ellis Troupe to meet their engagement with Donnelly. The reasons were published in a lengthy card in one of the local papers. Mr. Ellis was in fault in not ascertaining the facts before making the engagement. After making it he should have stuck to his bargain. In not doing so he rendered himself liable for damages. Donnelly filled out the week as well as could be. Harry Pitcher is the particular star in the Olympic hemisphere.

AT THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, San Francisco, Cal., Louise Simmons, cantatrice, made her first appearance on the 11th inst.; besides whom, Harry Devoy, song and dancist; C. Matthews, cloggist; Jimmy Murphy, songs and dances; J. Price, comedian; Harry Howard, banjoist; Eva Silva, Carrie White, Lurline Worrell, Miss Leonora, vocalists; Rose Vincent and Katie Deforest, actresses; M'lle Estelle, *premier danseuse*, with twenty coryphees, and Claude Stewart and Maggie Kelly, were performing.

AT THE WASHINGTON VARIETIES, Providence, R. I., Hattie Forrest, singer, made her first appearance on the 13th, and has won much favor. The French twin sisters, who have just closed their second week and have been engaged for another, have proved a good card for the managers. Willie Fox re-appeared on the 20th. James E. Carson and Little Josie closed on the 18th, and go to Scranton, Pa., business has been fair during the week. The [illegible] traveling company announced by Messrs. Stalker and Hopkins [illegible] independent of their Varieties Theatre, which is kept open during the season. Jennie Deason, *la petite danseuse*, and James Pike will be members of the traveling company, which starts about June 10th. So wrote our correspondent on May 10th.

AT FIELDING'S OPERA HOUSE, Toledo, O., business has been fair during the past week. But a small company was retained and the programme, though good, presented very little variety. Goss and Fox, in their specialties, song and dances and dual acts, have made a decided hit. Tommy Winnette gives a creditable performance in the song and dance line. The Wentworth Sisters—Lula, in vocalisms and banjo solos, and Lottie, in jigs and song and dance—are great favorites. Ned Goss and Jim Fox left on the 18th for Chicago, Ill., where they fulfill an engagement at the Alhambra. Miss Millie Irma, the Fox Sisters and Bobby Daley are announced for an appearance on the 20th.

WILD'S OPERA HOUSE, Syracuse, N. Y., sparkles with attractions. The character sketches by the promising young actor, R. V. Ferguson, the artistic singing and dancing of Messrs. Quilter and Goldrich, the emerald melodies by Barry Carter, and the wonderful acts of contortion by the Charles Sisters form a rich entertainment, to say nothing of the great sensational extravaganza, "Paris Before the War." The musical gems by Miss Gertie Granville are worthy of commendation.

FRANK ALLEN, Dutch song and dance man, who can be addressed care of this office, wants an engagement.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., on the 13th, Kitty Leroy, Mlle Mahretta, J. F. Hill and L. Whetton made their debut. Kitty Leroy, an old favorite, is unquestionably the best jig dancer Detroit has seen. Mlle Mahretta in her statues was excellent, her wardrobe was elegant and her *poses* artistic. J. P. Hill is a very daring *trapezist*, and deserved the hearty applause given McKee and Rogers caution managers, through a card elsewhere, against producing their copyrighted act, "Rebecca Jane."

ACKER'S ARCADE GARDEN, Troy, N. Y., has been opened for the summer months, and artists desiring engagements are requested to address, as per advertisement.

THE HENRI FAMILY, gymnasts, song and dance artists, etc., now performing at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., can be addressed care of this office.

THE ARISTIDI AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., on the 13th inst., were M'lle Zoe and Mons. Revini, *trapeze* performers; Miss Agnes Sutherland, the Scottish Nightingale, and Ned. West, formerly of Cal. Wagner's Minstrels. The company present the best variety entertainment we have witnessed for some time. Mr. B. G. Hart, stage manager, deserves credit for the manner in which the business moves on the stage. The parties taking their departures this week will be Geo. F. More, Kitty Henderson and Agnes Sutherland. Business still continues good. So wrote our correspondent on May 17th.

AT DRAGLE'S VARIETIES, St. Louis, Mo., Miss Belle Celeste and C. O. Mathews, trapezists, were new faces, together with the re-engagement of Annie Adams, Belle Blanche, in clog hornpipe, also made a first appearance. Mr. Mathews performs finely in his specialty. The lady proceeds with such caution as to make her young experience noticeable, yet withal she must be considered a very neat performer. No new stars are up for the following week. Leo Hudson, in horse pieces, will probably hold forth here in about two weeks.....Ah Allen's nothing new in the way of stars was presented during the week. Burnett, Granger and Shields close here on Saturday night, 18th, going to the Walnut Street, Kansas City. Little Mary closes on the same night, departing for the Olympic, Memphis, Tenn. Annie Forrester, Mary De Forrest and Robert Walters are to open on Sunday night.....At the Sixth Street Miss Lulu Fortescue and Lizzie Lillie are in the ascendant of star attractions. Business has been generally fair. So wrote our correspondent on May 17th.

Whettony as the baby elephant, Bolivar, was very funny, keeping the audience roaring with laughter during the whole act. The balance of the company have been so frequently noticed it is needless to add more now. The Foy sisters close the 18th, going to Toledo, O. On the 20th, Prof. Campbell, ventriloquist, and Kearney and Moran, song and dance, are announced. So wrote our correspondent on the 17th.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Williamsport, Pa., the fresh appearances of the past week were Nellie Cleveland, vocalist, and Maggie Mortimer, *danseuse* and statue artist.

TONY PASTOR'S TRAVELING COMPANY is billed to perform at New Brunswick, N. J., May 20th; Trenton, 21st; Wilmington, Del., 22d; Harrisburg, Pa., 23d; Allentown, 24th; Wilkesbarre, 25th; Scranton, 27th; Williamsport, 28th; Altoona, 29th; Johnstown, 30th, and Pittsburgh, 31st, June 1st and 3d.

OSCAR SCHAFFER, comic vocalist, and Miss Louise Wilmot, banjoist, were married at East Boston, Mass., May 5th, by the Rev. W. H. Cudworth.

AT RENEY'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Wilkesbarre, Pa., Miss Marion Somers made her first appearance on May 13th. The Bernado Brothers, three in number, *trapeze* performers, are announced to appear on May 20th.

THE THIRD STREET OPERA HOUSE, Philadelphia, Pa., was not closed, we are informed by its proprietor, on account of indecent performances, but because the managers had failed to take out a license. Although the building was burnt, the managers have taken out a license and will proceed immediately to rebuild the edifice at a cost of some $8,000.

ACROBATIC, gymnastic and variety artists are wanted for King's Royal Lyric Amphitheatre, Chicago, Ill. Address as per advertisement.

G. W. JESTER, ventriloquist, who is favorably noticed by the Albany, N. Y., press, can be addressed as per card elsewhere.

T. L., who can be addressed care of this office, wants a partner with $800 to assist him in introducing a variety novelty in Europe.

TALENT is wanted for the Varieties, Williamsport, Pa. See card in another column.

AN AGREEABLE PROGRAMME has been furnished at the Variety Halls in Bay City, Mich., during the past week, and the business fair. The appearance of Presley and Fitzgerald, clog, song, and dance artists, at Tammany Hall, has created quite a sensation. In this line of business they give general satisfaction, and have not been surpassed by anything which has yet appeared here. The other new faces are Miss Eva Dunbar and Miss Kittie Rowell; the latter appears with a fine budget of songs, which she sings with pleasing effect. Miss Buckner has been on the boards before in this place, but takes well. Johnny Smith and Mollie Simmons, who closed May 18th, went to Saginaw City. Alf Miles and Victoria Rose leave on May 24, and go to Detroit. Willis Armstrong, Kate Barrows and Frank Edwards go to Au Sable Alpine, with Joe Elliot next (this) week. Messrs. Ryan & Truesdell, the proprietors, spare no pains in presenting an entertainment worthy of support.....Joe Mills' Theatre Comique has drawn well during the week, the company being new and giving a first-class performance. Frank Steele, ball ringer, and M'lle Dallis were enthusiastically received on the 18th. M'lle Dallis is a very fascinating *danseuse* and deserves much praise. Chas. Ward, Ethiopian comedian, is a leading feature and increases in popularity. Andrae West makes a favorable impression, having improved wonderfully since last season. Johnny Bucklin is also one of the principal attractions. Belle Bryan and Clara May are well received. So wrote our correspondent "E. D. C." on May 16th.

THE CINCINNATI VARIETY HALLS are written up by our correspondent, on the 17th, as follows:—"The only new attraction at the Race Street Varieties this week has been Mortimer Williams, who does a clever Tuck Measure Dance,' dancing first on the bottom of an inverted measure, and, after turning it, upon the rim. The balance of the programme has consisted of the vocalisms of Lottie Georgia, Sadie Lloyd, Ida Florence and Maggie Maguire; songs and dances by Minnie Baker and the funnyisms of Lew Cavana, Cal Mandeville, Marsh Adams, George Morton and Jim Finley. These latter gentry have on a very comical act called the 'Coal Heavers' Strike.' The wind up is 'Lanagan's Ball,' which is ancient enough to 'smell of mortality.' Lottie Georgia, a pleasant little vocalist, closes this week, and announces her intention to retire from the stage. On Monday next, 20th, Lucy Adams is to open in character changes.....At the Olympic Theatre, Jim Hayes and Lizzie Jackson have closed, and Johnny Weaver, a very clever Ethiopian comedian, opened this week.....Jimmy Cavanaugh's dancing formed delectable features. Conspicuous among the dancers was Millie Howe, Mlle. Rose, the Holt Sisters and Dody Zanfretta, Wayne and Lovely, Dan Collyer, Amy de Brent and Lizzie Barrett are still here. Dody Zanfretta closed yesterday. Laura Le Claire is announced to open on the 20th."

VICTORIA HOWARD, Alice Bateman and Billy Noonan joined the company at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 13th inst. and, says our correspondent on the 19th, "proved satisfactory additions. Miss Howard has a good voice, and sang several ballads with care and expression. Alice Bateman and Billy Noonan appeared in a double clog, which was novel and first-class, and afterwards Noonan did the 'Essence of Old Virginny,' with gymnastic variations, and won several *encores*. Miss Bateman also did a song and dance, which, without being at all remarkable, was graceful and pleasing. The other features of the programme were a sambonine dance by Emma Gertrude, fancy dances by Mazori Arnoldi, funny acts, songs and dances by Bowman, Harris and Porter, and Lew Meyers (who was re-engaged for one week) in a new musical act, in which he manages to elicit a tune from a number of other objects, notably a fine performance on the tumblerionicon man, and made a decided hit. The Garnella chimes.....Robert and little Dick, will appear on the 20th, and the St. Felix Infant *Ballet* Troupe, with other attractions, are announced for the 27th. Lew Meyers closed on the 18th."

AT the Eagle Varieties Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., has been somewhat affected by the pleasant evenings for street promenading, though not bad. Those putting in appearances on the 13th inst. were:—Miss Minnie Rainforth, Miss Amy Lloyd, W. C. Burton, Charley Gardner and Master Charlie. Miss Rainforth is a pleasing vocalist, displaying vim and dash in action, singing with vigor, and encouraging in becoming taste. Miss Amy Lloyd would appear to better advantage did she ignore vocalism, as her dancing is quite creditable. Charley Gardner's Ethiopian eccentricities are re-demanded night after night. The songs and dances of Master Charlie are commendable for one so young. The most enjoyable act is the double lightning Zouave drill by W. C. Burton and Minnie Rainforth. Ezra Graham's popularity continues, as also does that of Merton and Hughes and J. W. Eagan, a funny burlesque, entitled "Sing-Bad, the Tailor," written by W. C. Burton, was presented for the first time on the 16th inst., with Minnie Rainforth, Tilly Prestage, Sadie Rogers, Messrs. Burton, Keegan and Hughes in the principal *rôles*. Jas. E. Edwards, Frank Christie, M'lle Gonsalas and Mr. Mitchell are the new appearances next (this) week. Merten and Hughes, Johnny Keegan and Sadie Rogers, leave after the 18th, says our correspondent, writing on the 17th inst.

FANNY HERRING and M'lle Zoe were the departures last week from the Howard, Boston, M'lle Rosa, Cool Burgess, the Carroll Midgets, etc., being the new arrivals. This week (or Friday) will be produced, Harry Meredith, Adah Richmond, Lillie Wilkinson and Barney McNulty being especially engaged for its production.

THE PROPRIETORS of the Birmingham, Ala., Varieties advertise for first class talent, including three actresses.

A LADY DANCER, character vocalists and a pianist, who plays brass, are wanted for the Opera Comique, Wilkesbarre, Pa., by Jake Berry, who advertises.

THE GREAT ATTRACTION at Shelby's Comique, Buffalo, N. Y., the past week was the four-act drama of "Chris and Lena," written for Messrs. Farron and Baker by Mr. Harry Vershay. It received its first production on the 18th. Messrs. Farron and Baker open at the Howard, Boston, on the 20th. Gonzales, the magic singer and ventriloquist, opened on the 13th, and his specialties were received with favor. Next week we are to have several new faces, among whom are Emma Grattan, Clara Butler and Frank Frayne, the latter producing a drama called "Oroloso, the Hall-breed," in course of which he will perform a shooting act a la William Tell. For Farron and Baker's farewell benefit, 17th, Dave Wilson volunteered, and met with an enthusiastic reception.....Business improves at Fitzgerald's Varieties. Annie Gibbons has become a favorite. Alice Chiriski closes tonight. Jennie Charles opens on the 20th. Several professionals are in town, among whom are T. G. Riggs, J. K. Emmet, Dave Wilson and Jimmy Clark, the latter of whom left for Baltimore on the 17th, to open on the 20th. The correspondent on May 18th.

AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., Harry Brown, the London comique, and the Dillon sisters—Grace and Helena—double song and dance ladies, comprise the new acquisitions. Geo. Herman, Gus Peters, and M'lle Annetis are announced for May 20th.....Billy Carroll was in the city a few days since securing talent for his varieties in Kansas City, which he opens on the 21st. He has secured J. T. Vance as treasurer. In addition to the following artists:—J. W. Berkley, Mike Kenane, Oscar Willis, Gussie Lamereaux, Kitty Weldon, Mattie Blanco, Lulu Mattice and Mollie Dillon. So wrote our correspondent on May 19th.

THE NEW VARIETIES THEATRE, Pittsburgh, Pa., has been somewhat affected by the pleasant evenings for street promenading, though not bad. Those putting in appearances on the 13th inst. were:—Miss Minnie Rainforth, Miss Amy Lloyd, W. C. Burton, Charley Gardner and Master Charlie. Miss Rainforth is a pleasing vocalist, displaying vim and dash in action, singing with vigor, and encouraging in becoming taste. Miss Amy Lloyd would appear to better advantage did she ignore vocalism, as her dancing is quite creditable. Charley Gardner's Ethiopian eccentricities are re-demanded night after night. The songs and dances of Master Charlie are commendable for one so young. The most enjoyable act is the double lightning Zouave drill by W. C. Burton and Minnie Rainforth. Ezra Graham's popularity continues, as also does that of Merton and Hughes and J. W. Eagan, a funny burlesque, entitled "Sing-Bad, the Tailor," written by W. C. Burton, was presented for the first time on the 16th inst., with Minnie Rainforth, Tilly Prestage, Sadie Rogers, Messrs. Burton, Keegan and Hughes in the principal *rôles*. Jas. E. Edwards, Frank Christie, M'lle Gonsalas and Mr. Mitchell are the new appearances next (this) week. Merten and Hughes, Johnny Keegan and Sadie Rogers, leave after the 18th, says our correspondent, writing on the 17th inst.

FANNY HERRING and M'lle Zoe were the departures last week from the Howard, Boston, M'lle Rosa, Cool Burgess, the Carroll Midgets, etc., being the new arrivals. This week (or Friday) will be produced, Harry Meredith, Adah Richmond, Lillie Wilkinson and Barney McNulty being especially engaged for its production.

THE PROPRIETORS of the Birmingham, Ala., Varieties advertise for first class talent, including three actresses.

A LADY DANCER, character vocalists and a pianist, who plays brass, are wanted for the Opera Comique, Wilkesbarre, Pa., by Jake Berry, who advertises.

THE GREAT ATTRACTION at Shelby's Comique, Buffalo, N. Y., the past week was the four-act drama of "Chris and Lena," written for Messrs. Farron and Baker by Mr. Harry Vershay. It received its first production on the 18th. Messrs. Farron and Baker open at the Howard, Boston, on the 20th. Gonzales, the magic singer and ventriloquist, opened on the 13th, and his specialties were received with favor. Next week we are to have several new faces, among whom are Emma Grattan, Clara Butler and Frank Frayne, the latter producing a drama called "Oroloso, the Hall-breed," in course of which he will perform a shooting act a la William Tell. For Farron and Baker's farewell benefit, 17th, Dave Wilson volunteered, and met with an enthusiastic reception.....Business improves at Fitzgerald's Varieties. Annie Gibbons has become a favorite. Alice Chiriski closes tonight. Jennie Charles opens on the 20th. Several professionals are in town, among whom are T. G. Riggs, J. K. Emmet, Dave Wilson and Jimmy Clark, the latter of whom left for Baltimore on the 17th, to open on the 20th. The correspondent on May 18th.

AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., Harry Brown, the London comique, and the Dillon sisters—Grace and Helena—double song and dance ladies, comprise the new acquisitions. Geo. Herman, Gus Peters, and M'lle Annetis are announced for May 20th.....Billy Carroll was in the city a few days since securing talent for his varieties in Kansas City, which he opens on the 21st. He has secured J. T. Vance as treasurer. In addition to the following artists:—J. W. Berkley, Mike Kenane, Oscar Willis, Gussie Lamereaux, Kitty Weldon, Mattie Blanco, Lulu Mattice and Mollie Dillon. So wrote our correspondent on May 19th.

THE NEW VARIETIES THEATRE, Williamsport, Pa., has had new attractions for several weeks, but the Misses Kitty Putnam and Maud Winters are announced to appear on the 20th inst.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE SEASON OF THE EMERSON MINSTRELS, who have played in San Francisco for eighteen months with unexampled success, is fast drawing to a close. On May 27th Simmons & Slocum's troupe of twenty-eight performers will occupy the Alhambra Theatre, being the first of a series of attractions which will be presented during the absence of the Emerson Minstrels, who make an extended tour in the eastern states. Before they return the Emersons will visit nearly all of the principal cities, the arrangement for the place and date of their appearances being as follows:—Sacramento, May 27th; Virginia City, June 1st; Salt Lake, Utah, June 10th; Omaha, Neb., June 14th; Chicago, Ill., June 17th; St. Louis, Mo., July 1st; Louisville, Ky., July 6th; Cincinnati, O., July 13th; Indianapolis, Ind., July 20th; Cleveland, O., July 27th; Pittsburgh, Pa., July 31st; Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 10th; Washington, D. C., Aug. 15th; Baltimore, Md., Aug. 19th; Brooklyn, L. I., Aug. 26th; New Haven, Conn., Aug. 28th; Hartford, Conn., Aug. 29th; Providence, R. I., Aug. 30th, and New York, Sept. 2d. The tour promises to be one of the most brilliant on record. The company is of phenomenal strength, including Billy Emerson, Fayette Welch, Add Eyman, Sam Rickey, Harry Sherwood, Aleazley Scott, Sheridan and Mack, J. G. Russell, Harry Norman, Charles Heywood, S. Holdsworth and J. Robinson. The programme for their last week but one here will be distinguished by the production of a new farcical spectacular "*jeu d'esprit*, "Rothschild is Coming." So wrote our correspondent on May 16th.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS were at Lockport, N. Y., May 13th, and Dunkirk, 16th.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS performed at Syracuse, N. Y., May 13th.

BUTANT'S MINSTRELS gave entertainments at Auburn, N. Y., May 16th; Syracuse, 17th and 18th; and are billed for Buffalo, 21st; Dunkirk, 22d; Titusville, Pa., 23d and 24th, and Oil City, 25th.

EARLE AND THOMPSON'S MINSTRELS gave an entertainment at Norristown, Pa., on the 14th.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS are to close their present season at their Opera House, Brooklyn, L. I., June 1st, and will then start upon a brief traveling tour of two weeks duration, producing, as the principal features, their burlesques of "Di-vorced," the "Black Crook," with the Peruvian ballet troupe, and "Article 48." They will give a minstrel first part and an olio. In the company will be found seven comedians among the best in the business, viz.—John Mulligan, Billy Rice, Archy Hughes, Cool White, Luke Schoolcraft, J. K. Campbell and George W. Charles. This company will re-appear at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, L. I., June 17th, and commence a summer season. During their traveling tour the performances will be, in every respect, the same as given during the regular season. The great success this company has achieved in the burlesques above referred to, will assure our rural friends that a rich treat is in store for them. The tour will commence on June 3d, and thence to Newark, N. J., Trenton, Paterson, Bridgeport, Conn., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Tarrytown, Newburgh, Elizabeth, N. J., and Jersey City.

SIMMONS AND SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS gave four entertainments at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., commencing on the 13th inst. The house was full every night, and the performances gave general satisfaction.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS begin a week at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 27th.

MANNING'S MINSTRELS held forth at Lincoln's Hall, Washington, D. C., during the past week, and attracted audiences which visibly improved in size each night. The two end men are Billy Manning and W. W. Newcomb, who alone are sufficiently funny to redeem the worst troupe in the world from stupidity. Their stories are laughable, their conundrums pointed and their gags fresh, while Manning's tone and manner are irresistible. The ballad singing is done by Harry Percy, J

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
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This new and beautiful dramatic temple was opened to the public 10th of January last, since which time I have played the following stars to an average business of nearly $5,000 per week:—ROBERT McWADE, JOSEPH MURPHY, J. K. EMMET, LUCILLE WESTERN, MRS. F. W. LANDER, SUSAN DENIN, LITTLE NELL, PHILLIS GLOVER, F. S. CHANFRAU, OLIVER DOUD BYRON AND CHAPMAN SISTERS.
The house is situated on the west side of Chicago river, in the geographical centre of the entire city proper. Merchants of the south side (or to be better understood, old Chicago) now nearly all reside on our side and centred in and around this theatre and about. This section of the city is 130,000 inhabitants, and largely of the class known as theatre goers, or "medium classes." Every street railway in the entire city passes the door or within one block. All the large hotels are near us and must remain so for one year at least. We are entirely removed from the fearful cloud of dust and piles of brick and mortar incident to the rapid re-building of our great city. Whatever the distant future may demonstrate, there can be no question about the coming season.
Next fall and winter will find all our sidewalks intact, because they have never been disturbed, while the south side will have few or comparatively none at all. All the large hotels, Sherman, Briggs, Clifton and others, as now, will be in full blast, while none will be completed on the south side and there will only be those entirely south of the burnt district, which were temporarily opened immediately after the fire. The new Biglow, Gardiner Palmer and others to be erected cannot possibly be completed before the fall of '73. Three or four miles south from the river, where stood the business centre and palatial residences that were the pride of our city, will never again be occupied as residences of any kind, while the northern portion is being rapidly built and devoted to wholesale business alone; consequently, after nightfall, without sidewalks and the wholesale houses closed, the promenade must necessarily be entirely on our side of the river. Without questioning what the elegant theatres, now being built on the south side may at some future day become, there can be no question about which is the best theatre for stars the coming season. Let any unprejudiced person carefully weigh the matter and they can arrive at no other conclusion than that the Academy of Music must, for another year at least, be the successful theatre of Chicago.
I shall engage the most powerful stock company ever organized for a western theatre, and stars can depend upon the strongest support it is possible to furnish, and every attention will be given to the getting up of all pieces in the most superior manner. New and elegant scene, property and dressing rooms have just been erected adjoining the building, and I feel that now the capacities of the theatre for the production of scenic effects are not excelled. I am now ready to negotiate for fall; and stars wanting time will please address C. R. GARDINER, Sole Manager. [8-2t*

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CHICAGO, Ill.....Two weeks, commencing June 17th.
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